HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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The Great Southern Movement.

THE Publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY beg to draw attention to the following list of Illustrations of the PENDING REVOLUTION, which have been published in HARPER'S WEEKLY within the past few weeks:

In this Number,

A PORTRAIT OF MAJOR ANDERSON;
THE ENTRY INTO FORT SUMTER;
THE OCCUPATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY BY THE CHARLESTONIANS;
SEVERAL PICTURES OF FORT MOULTRIE.

In last Number,

THE GEORGIA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

In previous Numbers,

A MAP AND PROFILE VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SHOWING THE FORTS, ETC.;
THE CHARLESTON DELEGATION IN CONGRESS;
THE CHARLESTON MARINE SCHOOL, FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS;
THE STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA;
THE GRAVE OF OCEOLA;
FORT SUMTER, FROM SULLIVAN'S ISLAND;
PALMETTO-TREE AND OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE AT CHARLESTON;
THE OLD POWDER MAGAZINE;
THE PALMETTO FLAG AND COCKADE;
TOMB OF JOHN C. CALHOUN;
FORT MOULTRIE — CHARLESTON IN THE DISTANCE.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that in No. 204 (Nov. 24) of *Harper's Weekly* a new Novel by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

Great Expectations,

was commenced. Mr. DICKENS'S Story will be richly illustrated by JOHN McLENAN, Esq.

It is printed from the Manuscript and proof-sheets of the Author.

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MAJOR ANDERSON, U.S.A., COMMANDING AT FORT SUMTER.

WE are indebted to Mrs. Anderson, wife of Major Anderson, for the likeness from which the accompanying portrait of that gallant officer has been copied. It may be safely said that he, above all other men, is in every one's thoughts and conversation at the present time.

Major Anderson is a Kentuckian; he was born in that State in September, 1805. At the age of fifteen he entered the Military Academy at West Point, and graduated in 1825. He joined the army with the rank of Second-Lieutenant of the Second and subsequently of the Third Artillery. In 1832 he was Inspector-General of the Illinois Volunteers, in the Black Hawk War; Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect being a captain of those volunteers. In 1833 he received his commission as First-Lieutenant, and became Instructor and Inspector at West Point. This post he held for four years, during which period he collected the material for his work on Artillery, the standard text-book on the subject. In 1838, for gallantry in the Florida War, he was made Brevet-Captain, and soon afterward joined General Scott's military family as aid-de-camp. The relations of Major Anderson with the gallant old chief were so friendly and agreeable that one can well imagine the interest felt by the latter in the Major's present movements. In October, 1841, so slow is promotion in our army, Anderson received his commission as captain in his regiment.

In March, 1847, he was with the Third Regiment of Artillery in the army of General Scott, and took part in the siege of Vera Cruz—being one of the officers to whom was intrusted, by General Bankhead, the command of the batteries. This duty he performed with signal skill and gallantry, and he continued with the army until its triumphal entry into the city of Mexico, in September following. During the operations in the valley of Mexico, he was attached to the brigade of General Garland, which formed a part of General Worth's division. In the attack on El Molino del Rey, on the 8th of September, where he was wounded very severely, his conduct was the theme of especial praise on the part of his superior officers. Captain Burke, his immediate commander, in his dispatch of September 9, says: "Captain Robert Anderson (acting field-officer) behaved with great heroism on this occasion. Even after receiving a severe and painful wound, he continued at the head of the column, regardless of pain and self-preservation, and setting a handsome example to his men of coolness, energy, and courage." General Garland speaks of him as being, with "some few others, the very first to enter the strong position of El Molino;" and adds, that "Brevet-Major Buchanan, Fourth Infantry, Captain Anderson, Third Artillery, and Lieutenant Sedgwick, Second Artillery, appear to have been particularly distinguished for their gallant defense of the captured works." In addition to this testimony to his bearing on that occasion we have that of General Worth, who particularly directed the attention of the Commander-in-Chief to the part he had taken in the action. "For gallant and meritorious conduct in the Battle of Molino del Rey" he was promoted to the brevet rank of Major, dating from September 8, 1847. October 5, 1857, he was promoted to the position of Major of the First Artillery, which he now holds.

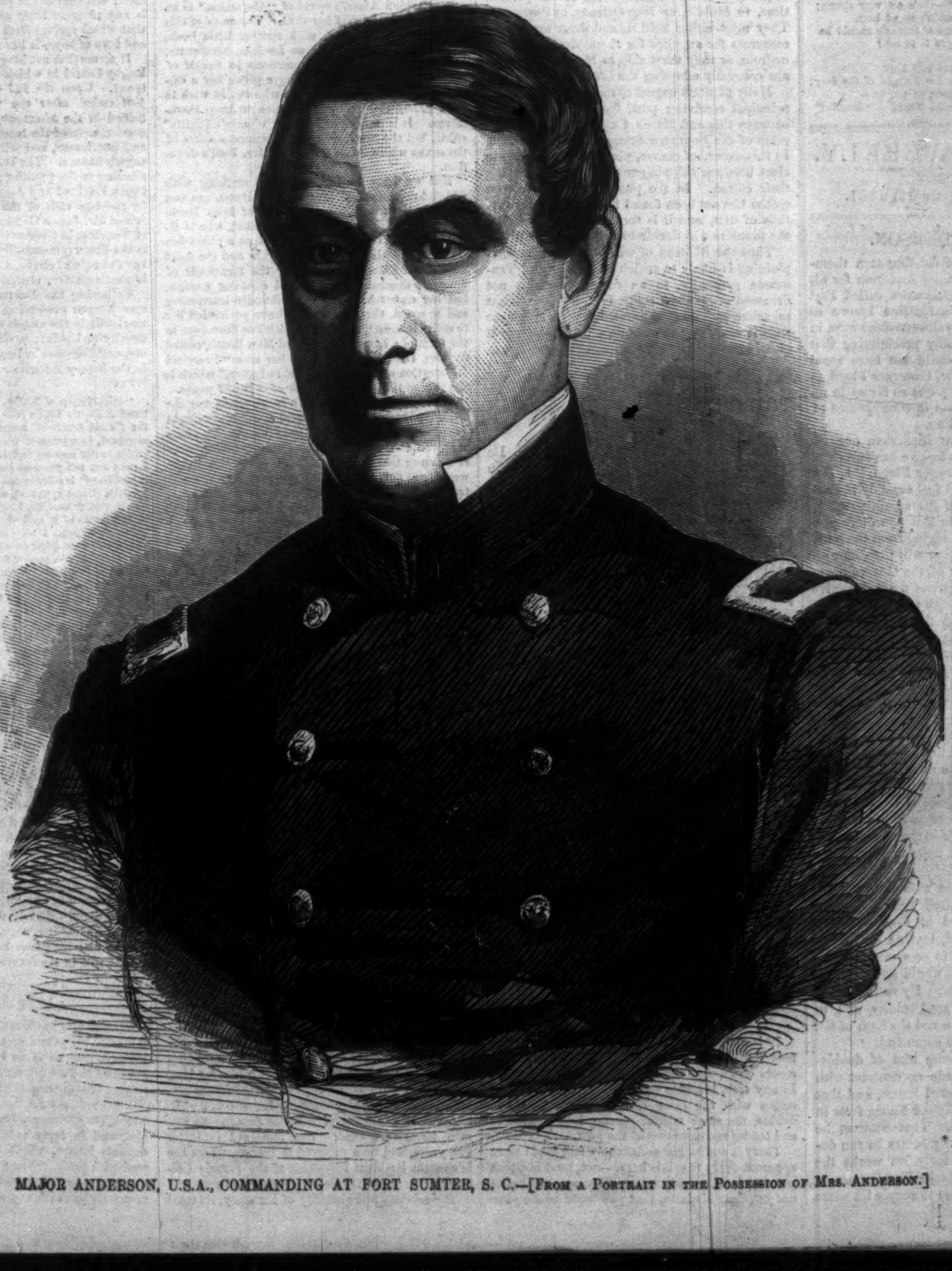
All last summer Major Anderson was occupied as a member of the Commission appointed to inspect the United States Military Academy at West Point—a Commission, by-the-way, whose report singularly confirms certain strictures passed on the diet of the cadets in this journal last summer. It was only six weeks ago that he took the command at Fort Moultrie.

Of Major Anderson's *physique* a writer, who seems to know him well, says:

> "In personal appearance he is about five feet nine inches in height; his figure is well-set and soldierly; his hair is thin and turning to iron gray; his complexion swarthy; his eye dark and intelligent; his nose prominent and well formed. A stranger would read in his air and appearance determination and an exaction of what was due to him. In intercourse he is very courteous, and his rich voice and abundant gesticulations go well together. He is always agreeable and gentlemanly, firm and dignified."

It is universally conceded by all who know Major Anderson, that he is a man who will die at his post rather than surrender. The following letter, written by him on Christmas Day to a friend in Baltimore, shows that he is as modest as he is brave:

> "FORT MOULTRIE, S. C.,
> *December 25.*
>
> "——, *Esq., Baltimore:*
>
> "DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the trouble you were kind enough to take in correcting some of the rumors about me. You are right in the opinion that I could not, and would not, say any thing contradictory of them. My plan always has been to try to do my duty honestly and fully, and to trust that, in the good sense of justice of the people, they would give me credit for good intentions, even if my judgment should turn out not to have been good.
>
> "I must confess that I regret that the papers are making so much of my position here. I do not deserve the least credit for what I am doing—nothing more than any one else would do in my position—and, perhaps, not half so well as many others would do. I receive, nearly by every mail, letters of sympathy, and many of them from strangers.



MAJOR ANDERSON, U.S.A., COMMANDING AT FORT SUMTER, S. C.—[FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. ANDERSON.]

"I hope that it will not be long before something will occur to give me a chance of being relieved from my present position.

"Thanking you for your kind remembrance of me, I am, yours truly, ROBERT ANDERSON."

All the officers of the command at Fort Sumter have seen service. Captain Truman Seymour, one of the most gallant officers in the service, is also renowned as a traveler; his successful ascent of Popocatepetl—the highest mountain in North America—has been frequently mentioned. Lieutenant Talbot crossed the Rocky Mountains with Frémont's first expedition; Lieutenant Davis was at Buena Vista, and Captain Foster was badly wounded at Molino del Rey.

A SEAT IN THE CITY CARS.

FIVE o'clock!—getting late!—never mind it a bit,
I've a seat in the car, and here I will sit
Till my street is announced. I will, I declare!—
I have paid the half dime—it is no more than fair.

I've been standing all day in the store and the street;
No rest for my limbs or the soles of my feet:
I am tired to death—would not budge for a king,
For an emperor, duke, or any such thing.

If a woman comes in, why, *they* shouldn't try
For a seat in the cars, when the evening is nigh.
"Be home before sunset," I tell Rosalie
(She's a wife for a pattern, she gets home at three).

They say, to be sure, "I can just as well stand!"
But they put up a weak little bit of a hand
In pursuit of a strap that they find is too high,
Settle down on their toes, and give up with a sigh.

Then they seem so unsteady, and waver about
When the cars with a jerk let a passenger out.
There's one getting in!—I won't look up at all,
But stare out of doors: she looks very small.

Standing up in the crowd among those great men,
Her back is this way—I'll look once again.
'Tis a very nice back, and above and upon it,
With a curl peeping out, is a black velvet bonnet.

"Dear me!"—this is bad, then!—Up goes the hand—
Not bigger than Rosie's—she hardly can stand.
I don't feel quite so tired; I said I'd sit still
In spite of temptations to come: and I will.

Well, I'm glad it ain't Rosie—she's not very strong;
A wee little woman, she couldn't stand long.
But stop! let me think; what if this one should be
To some other man what Rose is to me?

And how would I feel if some lazy boor
Should allow her to stand in the draught of the door;
I'm not tired a bit; I am fresh as can be—
"Here, Madam, a seat"—"Oh, Fred!"—"Rosalie?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

MAJOR ANDERSON.

SOME journals have so far forgotten themselves as to censure Major Anderson for his removal from the defenseless work called Fort Moultrie to the strong fortification known as Fort Sumter. While chivalrous voices even in the Cotton States are loudly proclaiming that the gallant Kentuckian could not have acted otherwise than he has done, Governor Floyd, of Virginia, has carried his pique so far as to resign his post in the Cabinet in consequence of Major Anderson's proceeding.

We tender to President Buchanan our respectful sympathies on the loss he has sustained in the resignation of Governor Floyd. It is a bereavement which he will feel sensibly if, during the brief remainder of his administration, he should have occasion to sell or to buy new sites for military forts. Judging from the past, Governor Floyd's resignation will not diminish the safety of the property of the Government; though it may militate against the prospective profits of the contractors with the War Department. As we learn from the message which Governor Floyd condescended to transmit to Congress, the late Secretary of War was a man of such exuberant patriotism that he could not contemplate the attitude of an army contractor without emotion, and was ready to issue his own acceptances rather than see the firm which supplied flour to the troops put to any temporary inconvenience. The loss of such a patriot can not but be viewed with anguish; still, this is a country of remarkable recuperative powers, and the ingratitude of republics is proverbial. Mr. Buchanan must nerve himself to the trial: we once lost the City of Washington, and recovered from it; may we not hope to survive the retirement of Floyd?

If Major Anderson, laden with the responsibility of holding the United States forts at Charleston, had remained at Fort Moultrie, which he could not defend, leaving Fort Sumter, which commanded it, to be seized any day by the Revolutionists, he would have proved himself a very poor soldier. By acting as he did he proved himself a good soldier, and, in all [illegible] probability, he saved the lives of the seventy odd men under his command.

The journals which accuse him of double-dealing forget that he made no contract with any one save with the United States, and that contract was to hold the United States forts in the harbor of Charleston. That contract he has fulfilled. In forty-five minutes he can destroy Fort Moultrie; in forty-five weeks the South Carolinians can not take Fort Sumter.

The silly talkers who dare to couple his name with the word coward are men who dare not meet him face to face and impugn his conduct. He has proved his courage over and over again in Florida, under Taylor in Mexico, and again under Scott in the same country. Southern army officers unanimously concede that the United States has produced no more gallant soldier than Major Robert Anderson. It is to be hoped that he may not have to add to the long list of his gallant exploits a successful defense of Fort Sumter with an insufficient force against an overwhelming body of insurgents. Still, if he be attacked, it will be better to be with him than against him.

THE COTTON MOVEMENT.

IN one of the late cotton circulars, prepared for the information of the trade in this country and abroad, mention was made of a shipment of 57,000 bales to Memphis, Tennessee. So far as our recollection goes the event is unprecedented. *Some* cotton has, for many years, been shipped north to Memphis, whence it has traveled by rail to the Northern factories. But the amount has always been so small that the historiographers of the cotton trade could afford to disregard it till the end of the year. Last year the total amount so shipped was set down at about 300,000 bales—an unusually large quantity for the year. This year it is probable that the receipts at Memphis will amount to several hundred thousand more—perhaps a million bales.

The reasons are very simple. On the fall in cotton which followed the first outbreak of revolution in the South the planters held back their crops. By doing so they very gravely embarrassed the factors, who failed in consequence. Hence, the receipts at the Southern ports to date are more than 500,000 bales short of those to same date last year. From the tone of the letters from the South the planters do not seem disposed to send on their crop, at the present time, to Mobile, or New Orleans, or Savannah. They must either hold it, and draw upon their resources for supplies for themselves and their negroes, or they must ship to Memphis. They are generally adopting the latter alternative.

Many planters expect to make Memphis their principal receiving port, from the belief that between this and March 4 all the principal seaports of the Southern States will be blockaded. In this event, of course, planters would have to elect between shipping to Memphis or keeping their cotton. In the present state of science cotton has not been found to be a nutritious article of diet, and it is therefore presumed that the planters will decide to ship to the North.

Thus the ill wind of which we are all complaining is likely to enrich Memphis, and Tennessee generally, to an extent which is not dreamed of by short-sighted politicians. That sagacious statesman, Andrew Johnson, may have seen it afar; the merchants of Memphis see it clearly enough.

THE CHRISTIAN PRISONERS IN CHINA.

WE learn that Captain Brabazon, Mr. De Norman, Mr. Boultby, and others—nineteen in all, French and English, who were taken prisoners by the Chinese on the approach to Pekin—have perished in consequence of the severity of their sufferings in captivity. They were tied with cords so tightly bound across the wrists, ankles, and fingers that mortification ensued, insect life was engendered, and the wretched prisoners perished in agonizing torments.

We also learn, by telegraph from St. Petersburg, that the Allies have concluded peace and evacuated Pekin.

We are unacquainted with the vengeance exacted from the Chinese for the maltreatment of their prisoners. It is to be hoped that it was calculated to impress upon the Chinese the value of Christian life. If it was not, Lord Elgin's expedition has been in vain, and the work will have to be done over again. His own reception in England, in this event, will not be enviable.

The brutal massacre of these Englishmen and Frenchmen is consistent with the uniform tenor of Chinese behavior toward foreigners of every race; and if their barbarous conduct has escaped condign punishment, an opportunity has been lost which might have secured the safety of Christians in China for many years to come.

THE LOUNGER.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

IT is not yet Twelfth-Night, and until then one may fairly wish a Happy New Year! The wish recurs often, and the oftener the older one gets. In any case, it comes once a year; and it always comes with the same kindly feeling, the same doubts, the same wistful peering into the future and tender remembrance of the past.

There is one rather melancholy fact made more apparent every time it is heard—not, good Sir, that you and I are a shade more silvery upon the head; nor yet, dear Madame, that you begin to see your daughter doing and feeling what you have not laid entirely aside—no, a very different fact from either of those, the decay of the New-Year's call!

Oh yes, there is plenty of calling. Fred, Tom, and Bob, in the full flush of expectation, heroically begin in thin boots and kid gloves, and they push zealously on; but the veteran of seven or eight and twenty knows that he simply can not do it. He may make a few calls, but he can not go through that list which fired his ambition seven or eight years ago.

No; the city has so spread, has so crossed the river and included Brooklyn and Jersey City, that you must either relinquish calling altogether or send your card. And, true enough, when pleasure has become a painful duty, it is time to try it no more. When your joints will not readily give, nor your instep quickly spring in the polka, it is time to perceive and acknowledge that your dancing days have gone by; and when the city has so stretched itself that you can not hope to stretch with it to the doors of all your friends as easily and cozily as in the days that are no more, it is time for you to stay at home, and allow that New-Year's has one charm the less.

You may stay at home, and think of the good old Dutch days, when Wall Street was the northern boundary of the city, and on Broad Street the gable ends and stoops rebuilt the Old World in the New. You may dream of the time when the Brooklyn passenger blew a horn at the ferry-house to summon the boatman, and the high-capped Dutch girls looked like full moons out of the windows. Then a man had time enough and not too many friends for New-Years' visits. Then he could sit for a solid quarter of an hour and chat and smile and toast and wonder, while the young vrauw looked at him with wide eyes, whether the city would ever really extend beyond the fence, and what queer descendants would people the streets in eighteen hundred sixty-one.

MARIE ZAKRZEWSKA.

SOME time since, more than a year ago, the Lounger spoke of a most pleasant and readable History of the City of New York, compiled by Miss Mary L. Booth, who has since been signally successful in the translation of several French works; among which About's novel of "Germaine" is an admirable specimen of her skill. The name of this lady is now associated with another little book, edited by Mrs. Dall, whose forcible, temperate, judicious, and unflagging exertions in behalf of "Woman's right to labor," have given her a distinguished place among those who really wish to open practical methods to women to keep themselves. It is not the technical "Women's Rights" spirit, but the broad claim of a common welfare of the sexes which is the motive of Mrs. Dall's devotion.

But we have to talk now of something with which her name and that of Miss Booth are but incidentally associated as friends of Miss Marie Zakrzewska (pronounced Zak-shef-ska), who is already known to many, and prized as a physician peculiarly qualified, by natural gifts and the most heroic and extensive study, for the treatment of women's diseases. She is still a young woman, but her career has been so profoundly interesting and unusual, that her friends have persuaded her to suffer it to be published; which has been done in the form of a letter to her friend Miss Booth, edited by Mrs. Dall, and offered by her as a "Practical Illustration of Woman's Right to Labor," which is the title of the little neat book of only 167 pages.

How wise her friends were to persuade her the work itself proves. In no novel of highly-wrought French life has Miss Booth ever translated a chapter so curiously fascinating as this autobiography of a young German woman making her way in the world, not only against the ordinary, but the extraordinary, difficulties which beset women who, with talent, character, education, and ambition, would honestly earn an honest living by a career commensurate with their gifts and cultivation. From her earliest years accustomed to the spectacle and care of the sick, with a clouded childhood, in which her love for her mother and her consuming desire to devote herself to a similar profession—for her mother was a highly accomplished midwife—she fought with the wild beasts of prejudice and skepticism at her Ephesus, which happened to be Berlin, and after eliciting the warmest sympathy and co-operation of the most accomplished men of medical science in Berlin—after teaching and practicing in the Royal Hospital in that city, with unqualified success, of which her credentials to those who do not know her, and personal experience to those who do, are the proof—she was at last the victim of a relentless jealousy, and finally came to this country with a younger sister.

Here they lived, two German girls who could not speak the language, and whose scant purse upon arriving was soon exhausted; protected by Marie's indomitable resolution, her knowledge of the world gained in the toughest way, and by the employments which her quick perception showed would be profitable. When one of these failed, she turned to another; and, almost without a friend, she was gradually and constantly improving her own and her sister's condition. At length, by constantly looking and asking for herself, she made the acquaintance of Miss Sedgwick, always the friend of the friendless, and Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, whose interesting story was printed in the *Weekly* several months since. Miss Blackwell introduced Marie to the college at Cleveland, in which she had herself studied. The stranger found other friends there; and after completing her course, returned to New York, where at last, in company with Miss Blackwell, she had the satisfaction of seeing the Woman's Infirmary, for the treatment by women of diseases peculiar to women, formally opened. She remained in it for two years, and then removed to Boston, where she is now the Resident Physician of the Female College.

The sobriety and sincerity of her story, its total freedom from offensive egotism, while it is necessarily all about herself, are most striking. Calm, firm, and capable, she has conquered every obstacle, and secured the heartiest recognition of her ability and skill. In saying so, the Lounger but pays a tribute of personal knowledge. Yet there is an undertone of profound sadness in the autobiography, of which she herself gives the best possible explanation:

"I remember that in January, 1845 [Marie was then sixteen years old], my mother attended thirty-five women in childbed—the list of names is still in my possession—and visited from sixteen to twenty-five daily, with my assistance. I do not think that during the month we were in bed for one whole night. Two-thirds of these patients were unable to pay a cent. During these years I learned all of life that it was possible for a human being to learn. I saw nobleness in dens, and meanness in palaces; virtue among prostitutes, and vice among so-called respectable women. I learned to judge human nature correctly: to see goodness where the world found nothing but faults, and also to see faults where the world could see nothing but virtue. The experience thus gained cost me the bloom of youth; yet I would not exchange it for a life of everlasting juvenescence."

Don't you suppose that what such a woman tells of her life must be of commanding and significant interest? You feel the electric force of her nature through her story. What listless ladies dream of and wish they dared to do, Marie Zakrzewska has done. There are heroines without halos; and one such life is worth a torrent of talk about woman's sphere.

BROTHER JONATHAN AND TOM BROWN.

SCHOOL-BOYS are freemasons. The moment they meet they understand each other. Mr. Tom Hughes knew this when he wrote "School Days at Rugby"—a book which belongs to school-boys in America as in England, and which is always sure of a post of honor upon his shelf and in his heart. Stanley's Life of Dr. Arnold sent many pilgrims from this side of the sea to the home of the beloved and famous schoolmaster; but Hughes's story has probably sent a larger and more enthusiastic throng. The Life of the Master was a book for men; but that of the pupil for boys. And if there is any pleasure truer and more satisfactory than that which springs from the interest and sympathy and love of boys, it has not yet been mentioned.

It seems that not long ago there was an event at Rugby School in which we all have a peculiar interest. Upon the 22d of November of the year just ended, after the "calling over" of Rugby School in the afternoon, Dr. Temple, the Head-master, entered the room with a company of ladies and gentlemen, and followed by a man bearing a superb banner. The Doctor, in a few words, after alluding to the peculiar good-will now existing between England and America, as shown and sealed by the late visit of the Prince, introduced to the school Mr. James Geddes Day, a young gentleman of Norwich, in Connecticut, who, so far as appears, is the first representative of the American school-boy (he is, we believe, a graduate of Yale) who has, in that capacity, visited Rugby School.

Following the Doctor Mr. Day made a little speech upon presenting the banner—a speech remarkable in the annals of American oratory for its brevity and point; saying just what is to be said, and nothing more or less. The report of the speech in the Rugby *Advertiser* of November 24, is as follows:

> "'Gentlemen of Rugby, with your permission, in the name of Master Willie Mills, of Norwich, Connecticut, of the United States of America, I present you with this standard, as a token of the interest which he and many others in our country feel in your noble school [Cheers]. I need not tell you how we know of it. "Tom Brown's School Days" is a household book in America as well as in England [Great applause], and since I have seen Rugby I do not wonder that Mr. Hughes loved it and was proud of it, and wrote of it as lovingly and as proudly as he did [Great cheering]. I hope that you will accept this standard in the same spirit in which it is given—as an unpretending offering of good-will from a young American to his cousins in the Mother Country [Cheers]. And now allow me, in his name and in my own, to promise you a warm, hospitable greeting should any of you cross the Atlantic. May this [pointing to the banner] remind you of the welcome that awaits you; and may it be a pledge that we are ready and willing to sing as heartily as any of you "God save the Queen" [Immense cheering], and shout as lustily as any of you "Floreat Rugbæa!"' [Renewed applause].
>
> "Mr. Day having ended, three cheers were called for upon his account, and three for the donor of the banner, Master Willie Mills, all of which were given in the well-known hearty manner of the Rugby scholars. The cheering having subsided, Mr. Day said it was Master Mills's desire that the school-house undertake the custody of the banner."

The standard is described as made of crimson velvet, emblazoned magnificently with the arms of the school; the letters L. S. upon each side; the colors of England and America entwined in the corners, and mounted with a rich gold bullion fringe.

The incident is in every way graceful and interesting. There is an instinctive and indefeasible loyalty in the American heart toward England. The Revolution was but an event of our history. It did not disturb that deep consciousness that, as we have the same language, so we have the same traditions and literature in the past, and the same great hopes in the future.

A HINT TO WATKINS.

WATKINS is anxious to know what the Lounger thinks of his pursuing a regular course of study. He says that he is no longer young, but that he has taste and means, and would like to turn his attention to some department of literature.

Watkins asks the Lounger for the same advice which De Quincey supposed a young man to ask him, and in reply to which he wrote some very sensible letters, which every young man might read with profit. The great point, of course, is to make up your mind what you will try to master, or master as much as possible. No man can read many books; he may know their titles. No man either can know many things; he may appear to know and smatter about them. This assumption of knowledge you can readily test at any moment. For instance, we are all in high debate about the meaning of the Constitution of the United States. People make the most furious and positive statements. Now try the next man whom you hear declaiming most loudly, and ask him when he read the Constitution last—and you will very probably discover that he never read the Constitution at all—or if he has, that he knows it very imperfectly.

It is precisely so with those who only seem to know in literature.

Beginning modestly then, and understanding how limited your studies must necessarily be, determine first of all whether you will undertake science or pure literature, or whether you will dabble a little in each. If you think of the latter plan you had better relinquish it, because you can't dabble in science—you must know something of it or be worse than ignorant, that is, ridiculous; but you can not *know* it without making it your chief aim; and it would be foolish to make it your chief aim, unless you are strongly attracted to the study: or, in other words, unless you have a talent for it.

Pure Literature includes all that is not natural science or mathematics, and in all the languages of the leading nations.

Here, again, you must elect your special department—as philosophy, history, or what you will—unless your intention be mere desultory reading; in which case it is no matter when, where, or how you begin.

From this hint, dear Watkins, you can see how to direct yourself. If you wish to do nothing in particular, do it. But if you would accomplish something, determine what it shall be.

DOGS AND THEIR DAY.

IT is remarkable that a nation which values dogs as the English nation does should have had no famous dog-festivals corresponding to their horse-races. But at length they are moving, and the dogs are to have their day. At the Birmingham Cattle and Poultry Show some of the sporting noblemen interested themselves in the collection of dogs for comparison and exhibition. There were three hundred picked dogs. One Scotch terrier weighed less than three pounds, although he was more than two years old; and he had killed a huge rat the day before he was brought to Birmingham. He was valued at fifty guineas, or about two hundred and fifty of our dollars. Another little pug, of a ravishing ugliness, was valued, for his inestimable services as a lap-dog, at a thousand guineas, or five thousand dollars, which shows a perfectly dizzy height of civilization.

Yet the show of the nobler dogs must have been very fine. Earl Bagot contributed blood-hounds, "a very grand class." Earl Grosvenor and Viscount Curzon were the prize-winners with the fox-hounds. Rough-coated deer-hounds were there also, but harriers and beagles few. The Earl of Derby, the Earl of Litchfield, and other gentlemen whom, as they are not earls, it is unnecessary to mention, took the pointer prizes. Lord A. Paget and Mr. Brailsford were strong in retrievers. The spaniels and English and Irish setters were noted. Earl Spencer exhibited the "most meritorious" of Clumber spaniels. There were two German boar-hounds, much admired; and the mastiff, the bull-dog, the Newfoundland, the many terriers, the ringleted King Charles, the sheep-dog, and the Italian and other greyhounds, were all represented. Among the representatives of foreign breeds, the Alpine mastiffs, the St. Bernards, the rough Russian terriers, Maltese lion-dogs, and Esquimaux fox-dogs are mentioned with praise.

If some sagacious Barnum would go and do likewise, and give us a complete exhibition of the various dogs, it would be more successful than the Opera.

INDISCRIMINATE LOOT.

THE late accounts of the capture of Pekin by the French and English allied armies, announce that when the Emperor's Summer Palace was taken, "indiscriminate loot was allowed for two days." What is "loot," does some ingenuous youth inquire? Loot, gentle youth, is pillage, sacking, robbery. When the Indians surprised Deerfield in Massachusetts and Schenectady in New York, they slew all they could, and indiscriminate loot was allowed as long as they chose to stand to it. In like manner, when the Allies captured the Emperor of China's Summer Palace, or rather received it from the authorities who surrendered, they ransacked every apartment, breaking up the valuable articles that were too large to carry away, and ruining the most costly and precious merchandise. How the red American savages would have looked on with admiring eyes and watering mouths! How gladly they would have been instructed by the processes of "civilized warfare" in the grand possibilities of indiscriminate loot!

In many men's faces the human contour is but a thin and transparent mask over the wild beast. In the countenances of professional pugilists the tiger is very near the surface. In soldiers and men whose profession is to fight other men, the brute is necessarily not far away. It is perhaps the fault of our education in this country, where we don't fight much, that we had supposed modern warfare to be ameliorated by some amenities. That the strong arm must be used upon occasion—that there must be wars and battles, is not an open question among nations, however civilized or Christian. It is conceded. But that some kind of honor is to be preserved, that the beast in men shall be unchained only to the degree which is absolutely necessary—that we had supposed to be also conceded.

But it is not so. The good old times of giving up a conquered place to wholesome fire and slaughter, of "putting all the inhabitants to the sword," which the valiant heroes of history were so forward in doing, appears, indeed, to have been somewhat bettered upon the present occasion. There were three hundred eunuchs and thirty or forty men in charge of the palace and gardens, of whom only two were killed, upon some slight show of resistance which they unluckily made; but beyond this there was nothing but ravage and ransacking and destruction of property—in a word, indiscriminate loot.

Now a French-English Chinese war is not very creditable to either nation in any point of view. The English have no business to try to force opium into China, and that is the real secret of the origin of these wars. If they make a treaty, fair and square, the Chinese ought, of course, to observe it. But will you mention any such treaty made by England with what she calls barbarous powers? Would you not describe the English foreign policy toward such powers a bullying policy? But granting that the Chinese, failing to observe their treaty, must be reasoned with from the mouths of forty-pounders—what is the object? The object clearly is to subdue them, and make them feel the superiority of the conquerors. Yes; but would you not facilitate this conviction if you showed your superiority in your discipline as well as in your fighting? Allowing that the Chinese are only accessible to the military argument, would it not be immensely enforced by proving to them not only that your power is irresistible, but under perfect control?

"Indiscriminate loot" shows that the General is afraid of his army. The treasure taken by all modern armies belongs to the nation, not to the soldiers: and if you are obliged to whet their zeal or purchase their good conduct by loot, you do more than what Sir Hope Grant said he had done, take upon yourself "a serious responsibility"—for you have done what you can at such a moment to brutalize your army. What a melancholy position for an English gentleman of the nineteenth century—that of issuing an order to a rabble of armed men for "indiscriminate loot!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A STINGING HEAD-DRESS.

WE read in one of the Magazines of Fashion as follows: "Pretty little caps are worn of a round form encircled with a *ruche*." Now, from what we recollect of our French, a *ruche* is a hive, and we can hardly imagine that as being about the most becoming straw-bonnet that a lady could wear. We know that many of the beautiful sex carry their love of the fashions to a degree of madness; but still to encircle one's face with a hive would be decidedly so certain a method of getting "a bee in one's bonnet" that we can not believe any woman in her senses would think of lending her countenance to it. It is true that bees delight to live in the neighborhood of flowers, such as gallantry delights in poetically supposing bloom perennially on lovely woman's features; nevertheless, it is doubtful whether the most floricultural beauty would like to expose the roses and tulips of her countenance to the risk of being stung, even if she could be sure that from the honeyed result there would be distilled for her the very "sweetest of bonnets."

ATTEMPT BY A NEGRO.—There were two learned negroes in Kentucky, of whom one was named after the great founder of the Roman Empire, and the other bore the name of his assassin. Brutus, smoking a cigar, was accosted by Julius Cæsar.

"What—you smoke?" asked the latter nigger.

"I do," said Brutus, offering his friend a whiff.

"*Et chew, Brute?*" was the exclamation of Cæsar.

THE SPREAD OF FASHION.

(An Extract from a beautiful and fashionable Young Lady's Letter.)

"I must tell you, dear, that I have got such a capital Crinoline. I wish I could send you the pattern. It is a perfect love—the most angelic thing I ever saw—so light, and graceful, and easy, and so comfortable that one feels as though one was swimming through the air with it. Of course it is thoroughly French. I got mine at Boulogne, in the Grande Rue. It is beautifully made, and with an extra case, which unbuttons down the front, and allows the steels to slip out, as easily as you would pull a pair of scissors out of their leather sheath. There is no stitching to the steels, I need not tell you. This is a very great convenience, as it enables a lady to send her Crinoline to the wash with the same ease as she would an ordinary petticoat. The body is deeply gored all the way down on both sides," etc., etc.

[*And so the letter runs on for twenty lines more, but we think we have printed quite enough to warn the gentlemen to prepare themselves for a very Severe Winter.*]

CALLING NAMES.

Where are the old familiar names?
John and Jane and Mary and James?
We never hear of a Susan now,
And it's not Bill, but Frederic, who follows the plow.

You'll not travel far by Second Class rail
But you are sure to encounter some Florence pale,
With much aspiration toward fashion in dress,
But with never a trace of loveliness!

Our laundress's infants have no great charms,
Yet they have an Eugénie in arms;
While Victor Albert swings on a gate,
And munches his bacon in village state.

'Twould be hard to say there is any blame,
There is no monopoly in a name;
But it strikes one sometimes as rather absurd
That contrast between the child and the word.

And what will it be when years have flown?
And these finely-named damsels are women grown?
When Evelyn Ada must polish the grates,
While Edith Amelia is washing the plates!

Think of it then, ye sensible mothers,
Before you arrange fine names for the others;
For though not to-day, nor perhaps next Sunday,
It will happen as sure as my name's Mrs. Grundy.

VULGAR SUPERSTITIONS.

That it is not "the thing" to run in any public thoroughfare, even although you may be really in a hurry, and (of course) find that the streets are far too crowded for a cab, except to crawl along as slowly as an alderman would walk after a dinner at the Mansion House.

That when you call on a swell couple you ought to leave two cards, although a man and wife, you know, are looked upon as one.

That calling servants by their surnames gives them a higher rank in the eyes of one's acquaintances, and invests a "Buttons" with the bearing of a butler.

That it betrays a vulgar mind to be seen carrying a parcel, more particularly supposing it to be wrapped up in a newspaper.

That far worse than seeing magpies or walking under ladders is it to be caught drinking a glass of beer at dinner, or to call for cabbage by any other than its genteel synonym of "greens."

A TITLE FOR A NEW SAUCE.—"I'll warm you."

GHOSTS WE NEVER WISH TO SEE.

The Ghost of all our good intentions.

And still less, should we like to see every day of our lives, the Ghost of a leg of mutton.

The only Ghost we do care about seeing is the Ghost in Richardson's show.

NEGATIVE ADVICE.

Never "for form's sake" write your name across a bill, unless you are prepared to meet the certain consequences.

Never expect to touch a street musician by your story of there being sickness in your house, except you emphasize it pointedly with a hearty kick.

Never flirt with a young widow who calls you by your Christian name the second time you meet her, unless you have quite made your mind up to the worst.

WHY AND BECAUSE.

Why does a joint never come up cold at a sea-side lodging-house?—Because the rule of such places is, "Cut and never come again!"

Why does a pint of milk at 3*d.* go twice as far in New York as a quart in the country for the same money?—Because *water* is the cheapest mode of carriage.

Why do young ladies lace themselves so tight that they can neither swallow easily nor digest properly?—Because they hear so much stress laid upon "Grace before meat."

THE HOME-FARM.

An abundant growth of wild oats is, often, only a proof of the richness of the soil. The ground may always be got into order, if you will take care to sow it with *root*-crops. The deeper you plant 'em the better; but when they are once in the ground, let 'em take their chance, and don't always be pulling them up to see if they are sprouting.

Avoid the dangerous practice of bringing your husband under the harrow.

Don't be in a hurry to grub up your husband's weeds. It is a dangerous experiment, sometimes.

The worst sign of a neglected home-farm is bachelor's buttons on a married man's shirts.

WHAT IS WOMAN'S MISSION?

This momentous question being asked the other evening, Spoonley said: "As Woman was the—aw—infewiaw animal, he thought her mission was to—aw—wait on the supewiaw—to be—aw—a sawt of uppaw servant, and see about one's dinnaws, and one's—aw—furnichaw, and things." "In fact," said Mrs. Snorter, "Woman's Mission simply is to *polish the spoons!*"

VANITY.—What no man, nor woman either, by any accident, ever possesses, but what is always very largely developed in every body else.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.—Oyster Patty.

GASTRONOMICAL PARADOX.—Buck venison is the best for venison-pasty, although the pasty must be made of dough.

ZOOLOGICAL EMBLEM.—The hedgehog is well known to be accustomed to roll itself up into a ball. This is remarkable; for not only does it eat black-beetles, but also, kept in a domestic state, it becomes very playful, and its favorite game is cricket.

THE ARITHMETICAL PARADOX.—The half is sometimes more than the whole. That is the case when the half of half-and-half is Entire, and the other half only Swipes.

INVALID CHITCHAT.—"Why, Sowerby, what's the matter? You don't look quite so blue as you did. What have you been taking?" "Nothing but my meals for the last fortnight, Mr. Hobbleday." "Ah, I thought you seemed off your physic."

HINT TO ELECTIONEERING AGENTS.—If you want to secure a vote by treating an elector, ask him to dinner, and give him canvass-backed duck.

QUEER QUERIES.

Is it not affectation in husbands of short stature to say that they were married in the Temple of Hy-men?

What relation to our white-bait is the *bête noire* of the French?

Did you ever see a lame dog helped over a stile?

What are the odds that the first owner of a milk walk was a Kurd?

Was he a great walker that he earned the name of the Colossus of Roads?

What proof is there extant that King James the First wrote *Junius*, and that the phrase "as cool as a cucumber" was applied first to a Scald?

A WHOLESOME BEVERAGE.—The leaves of Deadly Nightshade, infused in boiling hot water, make a fine tea. It may be sweetened with sugar of lead. This has one great advantage over common tea, which, according to some medical authorities, is a sloe poison.

NEGATIVE ADVICE.—Never, unless you speak French fluently, enter a shop in Paris where you see the notice, "Here they Spike the English."

HOMŒOPATHY.—Like cures like. One irritation relieves another. That is the reason why, from a natural curative instinct, people scratch themselves when they itch. For this purpose, however, they do not use a millionth part of the tip of the finger-nail.

OUR COURT CIRCULAR.—We have not the slightest regret in stating that the King of Naples is still confined to his castle, in which he has been laid up now for some time. He is suffering from a violent blow dealt to him by one Garibaldi on his crown. His recovery is extremely uncertain—almost as uncertain, we should say, as the recovery of his throne.

CAUTION!

If you value your peace of mind, kind reader, pray don't read this riddle:

Q. When does an old woman who is driving a donkey into a shed resemble another who is giving an alarm of murder?

A. When she cries "Ass-ass-in!"

THE DANGER OF JESTING.—"When is a brick a tile?" asked Brown, Senior, of Smith, Junior. "Give it up? When it's a projectile." So saying he threw a brick-bat and broke a window. His preceptor forgave him the mischief he had done, but flogged him for punning.

NOTES ON NURSING.

BY A CLOWN.

Toss the baby to Pantaloon, crying "Catchee, catchee!" Snatch it away from him, and hit him with it over the shins, knocking him down. Squat upon the ground with the baby in your lap, and begin feeding it out of a large pan with a great dripping-ladle. Ram the ladle into the mouth of the baby, and scrape the lips with the edge of it, then lick them clean. Now wash the baby by putting it in a tub, pouring hot water on it from the kettle, and swabbing its face with a mop. Comb its hair with a rake; then put the baby into a mangle and roll it out flat. Set the baby in its cradle, and tread it well down. Make the baby cry; then take it out of bed to quiet it, and give it Pantaloon to hold while you administer poppy-sirup. Smear the sirup over its face. Take it away again, catch hold of its ankles, and swinging it round your head by the legs, thrash Pantaloon off the stage with the baby, and throw it after him.

SPORT IN SEASON.—On Valentine's Day birds may pair, but men go popping on the first of September.

THE POWER OF SOUND.—Of all examples of descriptive music the most perspicuous is certainly a wedding-peal. Bell-ringing distinctly announces the essential act of the marriage ceremony, which may be said to consist in ringing a belle; unless, indeed, the bride is a griffin.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.—That inveterate punster, Jones, hearing that his friend Hardup had suddenly had his gas cut off, exclaimed, "Ah yes, I suppose they did it by a *coup de Main.*"

A BAD ATTEMPT BY A BEGINNER.—*Q.* When is a ship's sail most fit to be sold in a linen-draper's shop?—*A.* When it is torn to ribbons.

SENSITIVE.—A young gentleman of our acquaintance, whose genius is perhaps exceeded by his gallantry, declares his only reason for not living in the country is the fear lest it should make him get into rude health.

SPIRITUALISM.—Surprise has been expressed at the fact that spiritual communications convey no sort of instructive information. The fact is accounted for by the supposition that the mediums are inspired by raw spirits.

QUESTION!—To any Debating Society that may want a subject for discussion, we should recommend the question, as to whether a dishonest tailor may be deemed a vegetarian on the ground that he lives almost entirely upon cabbage.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.

At a Spiritualist Soirée, which was held in town last summer, as many as six professed teetotalers averred that they felt under the influence of spirits.

Of twelve hundred young gentlemen who last year traveled on the Continent, no fewer than a dozen did not seize the opportunity to try and get up a mustache.

One hundred and eleven members of the Peace Society have since last April discontinued dealing with their pastry-cook, on the ground that they believed he dealt in war-like stores, because of the inscription in his window, "Balls Supplied."

Proofs are extant, in the shape of linen-draper's bills, that since Michaelmas ten thousand so-thought strong-minded women have been weak enough to purchase things they had no use for, simply because that they were ticketed "Great Bargains."

Of a hundred single men who last season received cards for what the genteel call "At homes," and the vulgar "tea-fights," ninety pleaded "sudden illness" or "previous engagement;" and of the ten heroes who virtuously went, only two had courage to pass beyond the staircase.

In the course of the last twelvemonth no less than a couple of advertising vans were discovered being driven on the right side of the road.

Of two million young ladies who last year were asked to sing, it is a fact that sixteen did so without making an apology for having a bad cold.

A DITTY BY A DOCTOR.

Written in the Prospect of a nice Unhealthy Winter.

Hurrah! 'tis drear December,
It snows and blows like fun;
Abroad is influenza
As sure as any gun:
The fogs are growing yellow;
There's jaundice in the air;
And ague, cramp, and asthma
To earth will soon repair.
Chorus.—All among the bottles
Who would not be gay?
While physic for some throttles
Is wanted more each day!

The spring is not a bad time,
When hooping-cough it brings;
The summer is a glad time,
With fever on its wings:
If autumn be but sickly,
Our profits are not small;
But in winter far more thickly
Complaints around us fall.
Chorus.—So, all among the bottles, etc.

CAUTION TO ELDERLY FEMALES.—Buildings are protected from the effects of lightning by means of conductors, which are long iron rods or wires. The safest place for you in a thunder-storm is that omnibus of which the conductor is tall and wiry.

HOW TO GET A GOOD FRAME CHEAP.

Live temperately, be abstemious, cultivate early hours, rise with the lark instead of going to bed after one, take plenty of exercise, don't be afraid of lots of cold water, make a practice of always being cheerful, avoid debt, draughts, bad company, bills, and wet feet, and you will soon get a good Frame cheap, and it shall be a Frame, moreover, worth more than its weight in gold, such as shall inclose the very picture of health.

RURAL RAPTURES.

'Tis sweet at dewy eve to rove
When softly sighs the western breeze,
And wandering 'mid the starlit grove
To take a pinch of snuff and sneeze.

'Tis sweet to see in daisied field
The flocks and herds their pleasure take;
But sweeter are the joys they yield
In tender chop and juicy steak.

'Tis sweet to hear the murmurous sound
That from the vocal woods doth rise,
To mark the pigeons wheeling round,
And think how nice they'd be in pies.

When nightingales pour from their throats
Their gushing melody, 'tis sweet;
Yet sweeter 'tis to catch the notes
That issue from Threadneedle Street.

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPES (FOR WIVES).

Honey Soap.—Take of smiles, soft answers, tolerance, temper, and tact, equal parts. Mix well, and place ready for use to your husband's hand.—The above will be found an invaluable recipe for removing all roughness and irritation—for giving smoothness and softness—and for obviating all the unpleasant effects of domestic friction.

An Excellent Remedy for Chafes and Chills.—Patience, placidity, and pleasant looks.

To Render Tempers Incombustible.—Steep them in common sense, self-respect, and consideration for others.

The Best Wash for the Face.—Milk of human kindness.

RECIPE FOR A PLEASANT DINNER-PARTY.

A round table, holding eight;
A hearty welcome and little state;
One dish set on a time,
As plain as you please, but always prime;
Beer for asking for—and in pewter;
Servants who don't require a tutor;
Talking guests and dumb-waiters;
Warm plates and hot potaters.

SLANG.—"Down with your dust." Pay; put down your money. The phrase originated with moral writers, who are accustomed to describe money as dross and dirt, and, as thus implying a contempt of riches, it is much used by the serious.

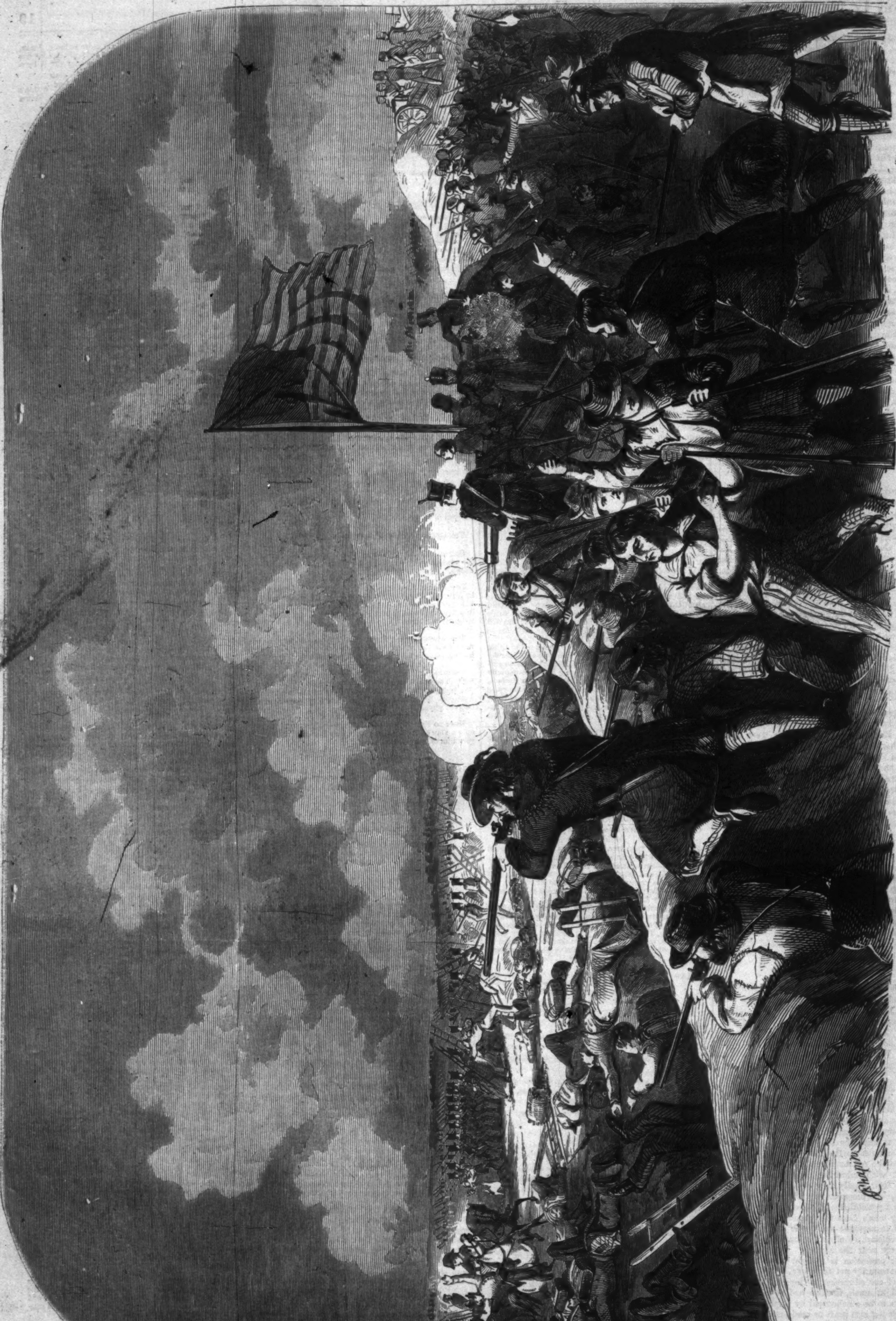
A NEW ANSWER TO AN OLD QUESTION.—Where was Moses when he put the candle out? Not necessarily in the dark. Moses may have been a Puseyite Sacristan, and have put out the candle in broad daylight, which his master the parson was burning.

AN INEVITABLE CERTAINTY OF CATCHING A COLD.—Being asked to sing.

CHINESE POETRY.

It took a three-hours' fight,
It cost four hundred men,
To change the Forts Taku
Into the Forts Taken.

THE PORTRAITURE OF THE TIMES.—We expect to see very shortly, houses opened all over the country, at which will be held out the following refreshing announcement: "A GLASS OF ALE AND A SANDWICH, AND YOUR PHOTO-



THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS, FOUGHT JANUARY 8, 1815.—[SEE PAGE THIRTY-ONE.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XI.

MY mind grew very uneasy on the subject of the pale young gentleman. The more I thought of the fight, and recalled the pale young gentleman on his back in various stages of puffy and in crimsoned countenance, the more certain it appeared that something would be done to me. I felt that the pale young gentleman's blood was on my head, and that the Law would avenge it. Without having any definite idea of the penalties I had incurred, it was clear to me that village boys could not go stalking about the country, ravaging the houses of gentlefolks and pitching into the studious youth of England, without laying themselves open to severe punishment. For some days I even kept close at home, and looked out at the kitchen-door with the greatest caution and trepidation before going on an errand, lest the officers of the County Jail should pounce upon me. The pale young gentleman's nose had stained my trowsers, and I tried to wash out that evidence of my guilt in the dead of night. I had cut my knuckles against the pale young gentleman's teeth, and I twisted my imagination into a thousand tangles, as I devised incredible ways of accounting for that damnatory circumstance when I should be haled before the Judges.

When the day came round for my return to the scene of the deed of violence, my terrors reached their height. Whether myrmidons of Justice, specially sent down from London, would be lying in ambush behind the gate? Whether Miss Havisham, preferring to take personal vengeance for an outrage done to her house, might rise in those grave-clothes of hers, draw a pistol, and shoot me dead? Whether suborned boys—a numerous band of mercenaries—might be engaged to fall upon me in the brewery, and knock me about until I was no more? It was high testimony to my confidence in the spirit of the pale young gentleman, that I never imagined *him* accessary to these retaliations; they always came into my mind as the acts of injudicious relatives of his, goaded on by the state of his visage and an indignant sympathy with the family features.

However, go to Miss Havisham's I must, and go I did. And behold! nothing came of the late struggle. It was not alluded to in any way, and no pale young gentleman was to be discovered on the premises. I found the same gate open, and I explored the garden, and even looked in at the windows of the detached house; but my view was suddenly stopped by the closed shutters within, and all was lifeless and deserted. Only in the corner where the combat had taken place could I detect any evidence of the young gentleman's existence. There were traces of his gore in that spot, and I covered them with garden-mould from the eye of man.

On the broad landing between Miss Havisham's own room and that other room in which the long table was laid out, I saw a garden-chair—a light chair on wheels, that you pushed from behind. It had been placed there since my last visit, and I entered, that same day, on a regular occupation of pushing Miss Havisham in this chair (when she was tired of walking with her hand upon my shoulder) round her own room, and across the landing, and round the other room. Over and over and over again, we would make these journeys, and sometimes they would last as long as three hours at a stretch. I insensibly fall into a general mention of these journeys as numerous, because it was at once settled that I should return every alternate day at noon for these purposes, and because I am now going to sum up a period of at least eight or ten months.

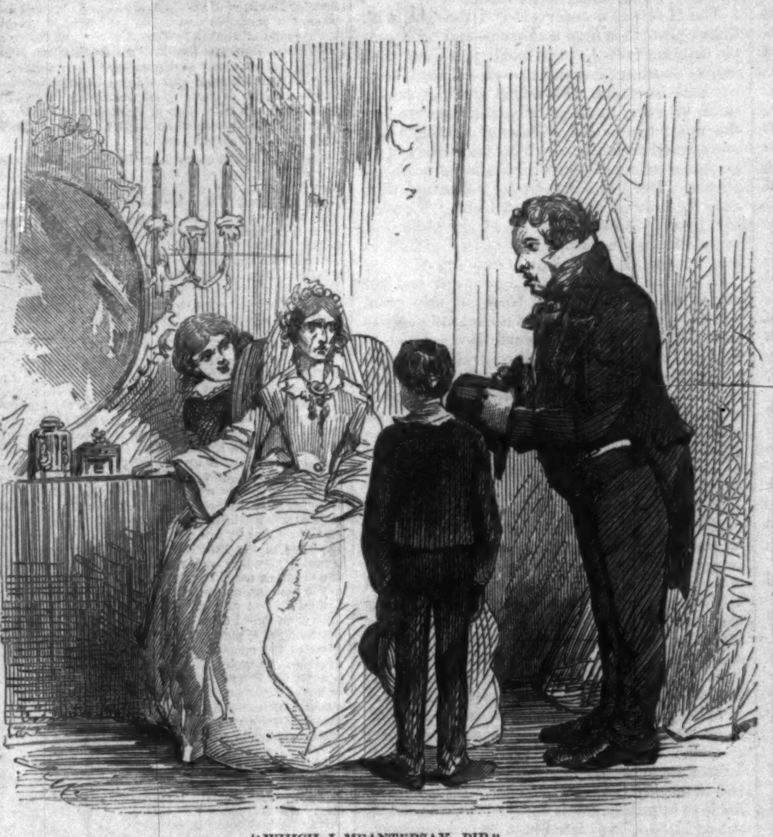
As we began to be more used to one another, Miss Havisham talked more to me, and asked me such questions as what had I learned and what was I going to be? I told her I was going to be apprenticed to Joe, I believed; and I enlarged upon my knowing nothing and wanting to know every thing, in the hope that she might offer some help toward that desirable end. But she did not; on the contrary, she seemed to like my being ignorant. Neither did she ever give me any money—or any thing but my daily dinner—nor ever stipulate that I should be paid for my services.

Estella was always about, and always let me in and out, but never told me I might kiss her again. Sometimes, she would coldly tolerate me; sometimes, she would condescend to me; sometimes, she would be quite familiar with me; sometimes, she would tell me energetically that she hated me. Miss Havisham would often ask me in a whisper, or when we were alone, "Does she grow prettier and prettier. Pip?" And when I said yes (for indeed she did), would seem to enjoy it greedily in secret. Also, when we played at cards Miss Havisham would look on, with a miserly relish of Estella's moods, whatever they were. And sometimes, when her moods were so many and so contradictory of one another that I was puzzled what to say or do, Miss Havisham would embrace her with lavish fondness, murmuring something in her ear that sounded like "Break their hearts my pride and hope, break their hearts and have no mercy!"

There was a song Joe used to hum fragments of at the forge, of which the burden was Old Clem. This was not a very ceremonious way of rendering homage to a patron saint; but I believe Old Clem stood in that relation toward smiths. It was a song that imitated the measure of beating upon iron, and was a mere lyrical excuse for the introduction of Old Clem's respected name. Thus, you were to hammer boys round—Old Clem! With a thump and a sound—Old Clem! Beat it out, beat it out—Old Clem! With a clink for the stout—Old Clem! Blow the fire, blow the fire—Old Clem! Roaring dryer, soaring higher—Old Clem! One day soon after the appearance of the chair, Miss Havisham suddenly saying to me, with the impatient movement of her fingers, "There, there, there! Sing!" I was surprised into crooning this ditty as I pushed her over the floor. It happened so to catch her fancy, that she took it up in a low brooding voice as if she were singing in her sleep. After that, it became customary with us to have it as we moved about, and Estella would often join in; though the whole strain was so subdued, even when there were three of us, that it made less noise in the grim old house than the lightest breath of wind.

What could I become with these surroundings? How could my character fail to be influenced by them? Is it to be wondered at if my thoughts were dazed, as my eyes were, when I came out into the natural light from the misty yellow rooms?

Perhaps I might have told Joe about the pale young gentleman, if I had not previously been betrayed into those enormous inventions to which I have confessed. Under the circumstances, I felt that Joe could hardly fail to discern in the pale young gentleman an appropriate passenger to be put into the black velvet coach; therefore I said nothing of him. Besides: that shrinking from having Miss Havisham and Estella discussed, which had come upon me in the beginning, grew much more potent as time went on. I reposed complete confidence in no one but Biddy; but I told poor Biddy every thing. Why it came natural to me to do so, and why Biddy had a deep concern in every thing I told her, I did not know then, though I think I know now. Shade of poor Biddy, forgive me!



"WHICH I MEANTERSAY, PIP."

Meanwhile councils went on in the kitchen at home, fraught with almost insupportable aggravation to my exasperated spirit. That ass, Pumblechook, used often to come over of a night for the purpose of discussing my prospects with my sister; and I really do believe (to this hour with less penitence than I ought to feel) that if these hands could have taken a linch-pin out of his chaise-cart they would have done it. The miserable man was a man of that confined stolidity of mind that he could not discuss my prospects without having me before him—as it were, to operate upon—and he would drag me up from my stool (usually by the collar) where I was quiet in a corner, and, standing me before the fire as if I was going to be cooked, would begin by saying, "Now, mum, here is this boy! Here is this boy which you brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be forever grateful unto them which so did do. Now, mum, with respections to this boy!" And then he would rumple my hair the wrong way—which, from my earliest remembrance, as already hinted, I have in my soul denied the right of any fellow-creature to do—and would hold me before him by the sleeve; a spectacle of imbecility only to be equaled by himself.

Then he and my sister would pair off in such nonsensical speculations about Miss Havisham, and about what she would do with me and for me, that I used to want—quite painfully—to burst into spiteful tears, fly at Pumblechook, and pommel him all over. In these dialogues my sister spoke of me as if she were morally wrenching one of my teeth out at every reference; while Pumblechook himself, self-constituted my patron, would sit supervising me with a depreciatory eye, like the architect of my fortunes who thought himself engaged on a very unremunerative job.

In these discussions Joe bore no part. But he was often talked at, while they were in progress, by reason of Mrs. Joe's perceiving that he was not favorable to my being taken from the forge. I was fully old enough now to be apprenticed to Joe; and when Joe sat with the poker on his knees thoughtfully raking out the ashes between the lower bars, my sister would so distinctly construe that innocent action into opposition on his part, that she would dive at him, take the poker out of his hands, shake him, and put it away. There was a most irritating end to every one of these debates. All in a moment, with nothing to lead up to it, my sister would stop herself in a yawn, and would swoop upon me, with "Come! There's enough of *you! You* get along to bed; you've given trouble enough for one night, I hope!" As if I had besought them as a favor to bother my life out.

Well! We went on in this way for a long time, and it seemed likely that we should continue to go on in this way for a long time, when one day Miss Havisham stopped short as she and I were walking, she leaning on my shoulder; and said, with some displeasure,

"You are growing tall, Pip!"

I thought it best to hint, through the medium of a meditative look, that this might be occasioned by circumstances over which I had no control.

She said no more at the time; but she presently stopped and looked at me again; and presently again; and after that looked frowning and moody. On the next day of my attendance when our usual exercise was over, and I had landed her at her dressing-table, she staid me with a movement of her impatient fingers:

"Tell me the name again of that blacksmith of yours."

"Joe Gargery, ma'am."

"Meaning the master you were to be apprenticed to?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"You had better be apprenticed at once. Would Gargery come here with you, and bring your indentures, do you think?"

I signified that I had no doubt he would take it as an honor to be asked.

"Then let him come."

"At any particular time, Miss Havisham?"

"There, there! I know nothing about times. Let him come soon, and come alone with you."

When I got home at night, and delivered this message for Joe, my sister "went on the Rampage, as Joe expressed it, in a more alarming degree than at any previous period. She asked me and Joe whether we supposed she was doormats under our feet, and how we dared to use her so, and what company we graciously thought she *was* fit for? When she had exhausted a torrent of such inquiries, she threw a candlestick at Joe, burst into a loud sobbing, got out the dust-pan—which was always a very bad sign—put on her coarse apron, and began cleaning up to a terrible extent. Not satisfied with a dry cleaning, she to[illegible] a pail and scrubbing-brush, and cleaned us out of house and home, so that we stood shivering in the back-yard. It was ten o'clock at night before we ventured to creep in again, and then she asked Joe why he hadn't married a Negress Slave at once? Joe offered no answer, poor fellow! but stood feeling his whisker and looking dejectedly at me, as if he thought it really might have been a better speculation.

CHAPTER XII.

IT was a trial to my feelings, on the next day but one, to see Joe arraying himself in his Sunday clothes to accompany me to Miss Havisham's. However, as he thought his court-suit necessary to the occasion, it was not for me to tell him that he looked far better in his working dress; the rather, because I knew he made himself so dreadfully uncomfortable, entirely on my account, and that it was for me he pulled up his shirt-collar so very high behind that it made the hair on the crown of his head stand up like a tuft of feathers.

At breakfast-time my sister declared her intention of going to town with us, and being left at Uncle Pumblechook's, and called for "when we had done with our fine ladies"—a way of putting the case, from which Joe appeared inclined to augur the worst. The forge was shut up for the day, and Joe inscribed in chalk upon the door (as it was his custom to do on the very rare occasions when he was not at work) the monosyllable HOUT, accompanied by a sketch of an arrow supposed to be flying in the direction he had taken.

We walked to town, my sister leading the way in a very large beaver bonnet, and carrying a basket like the Great Seal of England in plaited straw, a pair of pattens, and an umbrella, though it was a fine bright day. I am not quite clear whether these articles were carried penitentially or ostentatiously; but I rather think they were displayed as articles of property—much as Cleopatra, or any other sovereign lady on the Rampage, might exhibit her wealth in a pageant or procession.

When we came to Pumblechook's my sister bounced in and left us. As it was almost noon Joe and I held straight on to Miss Havisham's house. Estella opened the gate as usual, and the moment she appeared Joe took his hat off and stood weighing it by the brim in both his hands—as if he had some urgent reason in his mind for being particular to half a quarter of an ounce.

Estella took no notice of either of us, but led us the way that I knew so well. I followed next to her, and Joe came last. When I looked back at Joe in the long passage he was still weighing his hat with the greatest care, and was coming after us in long strides on the tips of his toes.

Estella told me we were both to go in, so I took Joe by the coat-cuff and conducted him into Miss Havisham's presence. She was seated at her dressing-table, and looked round at us immediately.

"Oh!" said she to Joe. "You are the husband of the sister of this boy?"

I could hardly have imagined dear old Joe looking so unlike himself or so like some extraordinary bird; standing, as he did, speechless, with his tuft of feathers ruffled, and his mouth open, as if he wanted a worm.

"You are the husband," repeated Miss Havisham, "of the sister of this boy?"

It was very aggravating, but throughout the interview Joe persisted in addressing Me instead of Miss Havisham.

"Which I meantersay, Pip," Joe now observed in a manner that was at once expressive of forcible argumentation, strict confidence, and great politeness, "as I hup and married your sister, and I were at the time what you might call (if you was any ways inclined) a single man."

"Well!" said Miss Havisham. "And you have reared the boy, with the intention of taking him for your apprentice; is that so, Mr. Gargery?"

"You know, Pip," replied Joe, "as you and me were ever friends, and it were look'd for'ard to betwixt us, as being calc'lated to lead to larks. Not but what, Pip, if you had ever made objections to the business—such as its being open to black and sut, or such-like—not but what they would have been attended to; don't you see?"

"Has the boy," said Miss Havisham, "ever made any objection? Does he like the trade?"

"Which it is well beknown to yourself, Pip," returned Joe, strengthening his former mixture of argumentation, confidence, and politeness, "that it were the wish of your own hart." (I saw the idea suddenly break upon him that he would adapt his epitaph to the occasion, before he went on to say) "And there were no objection on your part, and, Pip, it were the great wish of your hart!"

It was quite in vain for me to endeavor to make him sensible that he ought to speak to Miss Havisham. The more I made faces and gestures to him to do it, the more confidential, argumentative, and polite he persisted in being to Me.

"Have you brought his indentures with you?" asked Miss Havisham.

"Well, Pip, you know," replied Joe, as if that were a little unreasonable, "you yourself see me put 'em in my 'at, and therefore you know as they are here." With which he took them out, and gave them, not to Miss Havisham, but to me. I am afraid I was ashamed of the dear, good fellow—I *know* I was ashamed of him—when I saw that Estella stood at the back of Miss Havisham's chair, and that her eyes laughed mischievously. I took the indentures out of his hand and gave them to Miss Havisham.

"You expected," said Miss Havisham, as she looked them over, "no premium with the boy?"

"Joe!" I remonstrated, for he made no answer at all. "Why don't you—"

"Pip," returned Joe, cutting me short as if he were hurt, "which I meantersay that were not a question requiring a answer betwixt yourself and me, and which you know the answer to be full well No. You know it to be No, Pip, and wherefore should I say it?"

Miss Havisham glanced at him as if she understood what he really was, better than I had thought possible, seeing what he was there; and took up a little bag from the table beside her.

"Pip has earned a premium here," she said, "and here it is. There are five-and-twenty guineas in this bag. Give it to your master, Pip."

As if he were absolutely out of his mind with the wonder awakened in him by her strange figure and the strange room, Joe, even at this pass, persisted in addressing me.

"This is wery liberal on your part, Pip," said Joe, "and it is as such received and grateful welcome, though never looked for, far nor near nor nowheres. And now, old chap," said Joe, conveying to me a sensation, first of burning and then of freezing, for I felt as if that familiar expression were applied to Miss Havisham; "and now, old chap, may we do our duty! May you and me do our duty, both on us by one and another, and by them which your liberal present—have—conweyed—to be—for the satisfaction of mind—of—them as never—" here Joe showed that he felt he had fallen into frightful difficulties, until he triumphantly rescued himself with the words, "and from myself far be it!" These words had such a round and convincing sound to him that he said them twice.

"Good-by, Pip!" said Miss Havisham. "Let them out, Estella."

"Am I to come again, Miss Havisham?" I asked.

"No. Gargery is your master now. Gargery! One word!"

Thus calling him back as I went out of the door, I heard her say to Joe in a distinct emphatic voice, "The boy has been a good boy here, and that is his reward. Of course, as an honest man, you will expect no other and no more."

How Joe got out of the room I have never been able to determine; but I know that when he did get out he was insanely proceeding up stairs instead of coming down, and was deaf to all remonstrances until I went after him and laid hold of him. In another minute we were outside the gate, and it was locked, and Estella was gone.

When we stood in the daylight alone again, Joe backed up against a wall, and said to me, "Astonishing!" And there he remained so long, saying "Astonishing!" at intervals, so often, that I began to think his senses were never coming back. At length he prolonged his remark into "Pip, I do assure *you* that this is as-TON-ishing!" and so, by degrees, became conversational and able to walk away.

I have reason to think that Joe's intellects were brightened by the encounter they had passed through, and that on our way to Pumblechook's he invented a subtle and deep design. My reason is to be found in what took place in Mr. Pumblechook's parlor: where, on our presenting ourselves, my sister sat in conference with that detested seedsman.

"Well?" cried my sister, addressing us both at once. "And what's happened to *you?* I wonder you condescend to come back to such poor society as this, I am sure I do!"

"Miss Havisham," said Joe, with a fixed look at me, like an effort of remembrance, "made it wery partick'ler that we should give her—were it compliments or respects, Pip?"

"Compliments," I said.

"Which that were my own belief," answered Joe—"her compliments to Mrs. J. Gargery."

"Much good they'll do me!" observed my sister; but rather gratified too.

"And wishing," pursued Joe, with another fixed look at me, like another effort of remembrance, "that the state of Miss Havisham's elth were sitch as would have—allowed, were it, Pip?"

"Of her having the pleasure," I added.

"Of ladies' company," said Joe. And drew a long breath.

"Well!" cried my sister, with a mollified glance at Mr. Pumblechook. "She might have had the politeness to send that message at first, but it's better late than never. And what did she give young Rantipole here?"

"She giv' him," said Joe, "nothing."

Mrs. Joe was going to break out, but Joe went on.

"What she giv'," said Joe, "she giv' to his friends. 'And by his friends,' were her explanation, 'I mean into the hands of his sister Mrs. J. Gargery.' Them were her words; 'Mrs. J. Gargery.' She mayn't have know'd," added Joe, with an appearance of reflection, "whether it were Joe, or Jorge."

My sister looked at Pumblechook: who smoothed the elbows of his wooden arm-chair, and nodded at her and at the fire, as if he had known all about it beforehand.

"And how much have you got?" asked my sister, laughing. Positively laughing!

"What would present company say to ten pound?" demanded Joe.

"They'd say," returned my sister, curtly, "pretty well. Not too much, but pretty well."

"It's more than that, then," said Joe.

That fearful Impostor, Pumblechook, immediately nodded, and said, as he rubbed the arms of his chair: "It's more than that, mum."

"Why, you don't mean to say—" began my sister.

"Yes, I do, mum," said Pumblechook; "but wait a bit. Go on, Joseph. Good in you! Go on!"

"What would present company say," proceeded Joe, "to twenty pound?"

"Handsome would be the word," returned my sister.

"Well, then," said Joe, "it's more than twenty pound."

That abject Hypocrite, Pumblechook, nodded again, and said, with a patronizing laugh, "It's more than that, mum. Good again! Follow her up, Joseph!"

"Then to make an end of it," said Joe, delightedly handing the bag to my sister; "it's five-and-twenty pound."

"It's five-and-twenty pound, mum," echoed that basest of swindlers, Pumblechook, rising to shake hands with her; "and it's no more than your merits (as I said when my opinion was asked), and I wish you joy of the money!"

If the Villain had stopped here his case would have been sufficiently awful, but he blackened his guilt by proceeding to take me into custody, with a right of patronage that left all his former criminality far behind.

"Now you see, Joseph and wife," said Pumblechook, as he took me by the arm above the elbow, "I am one of them that always go right through with what they've begun. This boy must be bound out of hand. That's *my* way. Bound out of hand."

"Goodness knows, Uncle Pumblechook," said my sister (grasping the money), "we're deeply beholden to you."

"Never mind me, mum," returned that diabolical corn-chandler. "A pleasure's a pleasure all the world over. But this boy, you know; we must have him bound. I said I'd see to it—to tell you the truth."

The Justices were sitting in the Town Hall near at hand, and we at once went over to have me bound apprentice to Joe in the Magisterial presence. I say we went over, but I was pushed over by Pumblechook, exactly as if I had that moment picked a pocket or fired a rick; indeed it was the general impression in Court that I had been taken red-handed, for, as Pumblechook shoved me before him through the crowd, I heard some people say, "What's he done?" and others, "He's a young 'un too, but looks bad, don't he?" One person of mild and benevolent aspect even gave me a tract ornamented with a woodcut of a malevolent young man in a perfect sausage-shop of fetters, and entitled, TO BE READ IN MY CELL.

The Hall was a queer place, I thought, with higher pews in it than a church—and with people hanging over the pews looking on—and with mighty Justices (one with a powdered head) leaning back in chairs, with folded arms, or taking snuff, or going to sleep, or writing, or reading the newspapers—and with some shining black portraits on the walls, which my unartistic eye regarded as a composition of hardbake and sticking-plaster. Here, in a corner, my indentures were duly signed and attested, and I was "bound;" Mr. Pumblechook holding me all the while as if we had looked in on our way to the scaffold to have those little preliminaries disposed of.

When we had come out again, and had got rid of the boys who had been put into great spirits by the expectation of seeing me publicly tortured, and who were much disappointed to find that my friends were merely rallying round me, we went back to Pumblechook's. And there my sister became so excited by the twenty-five guineas, that nothing would serve her but we must have a dinner out of that windfall, at the Blue Boar, and that Pumblechook must go over in his chaise-cart, and bring the Hubbles and Mr. Wopsle.

It was agreed to be done; and a most melancholy day I passed. For it inscrutably appeared to stand to reason, in the minds of the whole company, that I was an excrescence on the entertainment. And to make it worse, they all asked me from time to time—in short, whenever they had nothing else to do—why I didn't enjoy myself. And what could I possibly do then but say I *was* enjoying myself—when I wasn't?

However, they were grown up and had their own way, and they made the most of it. That swindling Pumblechook, exalted into the beneficent contriver of the whole occasion, actually took the top of the table; and, when he addressed them on the subject of my being bound, and fiendishly congratulated them on my being liable to imprisonment if I played at cards, drank strong liquors, kept late hours or bad company, or indulged in other vagaries which the form of my indentures appeared to contemplate as next to inevitable, he placed me standing on a chair beside him to illustrate his remarks.

My only other remembrances of the great festival are, that they wouldn't let me go to sleep, but whenever they saw me dropping off, woke me up and told me to enjoy myself. That, rather late in the evening Mr. Wopsle gave us Collins's Ode, and threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down with such effect that a waiter came in and said, "The Commercials underneath sent up their compliments, and it wasn't the Tumbler's Arms." That, they were all in excellent spirits, on the road home, and sang O Lady Fair! Mr. Wopsle taking the bass, and asserting with a tremendously strong voice (in reply to the inquisitive bore who leads that piece of music in a most impertinent manner, by wanting, to know all about every body's private affairs), that *he* was the man with his white locks flowing, and that he was upon the whole the weakest pilgrim going.

Finally, I remember that when I got into my little bedroom I was truly wretched, and had a strong conviction on me that I should never like Joe's trade. I had liked it once, but once was not now.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Thursday, December 27, in the Senate, a bill was reported to provide for a Territorial Government for Arizona. Senator Brown, of Mississippi, wished to have a section added for the protection of slave property. Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, desired that the law in force when the Territory was annexed to this country be continued until it shall become a State. Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, made a long and powerful speech, in which he reviewed the whole question of Slavery. He was followed by Senators Davis of Mississippi, Green of Missouri, Mason of Virginia, and others, and, without taking a vote, the Senate adjourned until Monday.——In the House, Mr. Stevens, of Washington Territory, made personal explanation in reference to a dispatch which had appeared in a Boston and a New York paper. Mr. Morris, of Illinois, Chairman of the Special Committee appointed to investigate the defalcation, offered a resolution empowering the Committee to sit elsewhere than in Washington, should circumstances require it, and after some opposition it was passed. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation Bill, and soon after adjourned until Monday.

On Monday, 31st, in the Senate, Senator Powell, of Kentucky, Chairman of the Special Committee of Thirteen on the State of the Union, reported that the Committee had been unable to agree, and asked that the journal of their proceedings be printed. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution, which was objected to and laid over, requesting the Secretary of War to inform the Senate relative to the condition of the arms in the national armories, etc. The special order—Territorial business—was then postponed, and Senator Benjamin proceeded to make his expected secession speech, which he closed with a declaration that the South could never be subjugated. A scene of indescribable confusion thereupon ensued in the galleries, which were finally cleared by the Sergeant-at-Arms.——In the House, the Speaker presented a communication from the Secretary of War. Several resolutions were offered, having for their object an inquiry into the condition of the forts and arsenals, but being objected to, they were laid over under the rules. Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, offered a resolution declaring that any attempt to preserve the Union by force would be impracticable, and demanded the previous question, which was ordered. After considerable objection to the vote being taken, and a somewhat excited discussion, the resolution was tabled—98 to 55. The Committee on Military Affairs, on motion of Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, was then instructed to inquire into the manner in which arms had been distributed during the year 1860, the condition of the forts, arsenals, etc., and whether the fortifications are suitably garrisoned—the Committee having power to send for persons and papers. Messrs. Davis and Holman, of Indiana, each presented resolutions relative to the recent action of the South Carolina Convention, but the House adjourned before any action on them was taken.

On Wednesday, January 2, in the Senate, Senator Baker, the new Republican Senator from Oregon, replied to the secession speech of Senator Benjamin, delivered on Monday. He denied the right of secession *in toto*, and proved, from authorities, that the Constitution, instead of being a mere compact between sovereign States, is, in fact, a perpetual bond between the people of the whole country. Senator Baker, without concluding, yielded to a motion to adjourn; but before the adjournment took place, Senator Davis, of Mississippi, asked and obtained leave to present a preamble and resolution virtually sanctioning the demand of South Carolina that the Federal troops be withdrawn from the fortifications in Charleston harbor, though not expressly saying so in so many words. They were laid on the table and ordered to be printed.——In the House, the day was spent principally in an effort to get a vote on a resolution of inquiry in reference to the late rebellious movements in South Carolina. The Indian Appropriation Bill was passed.

On Thursday, January 3, in the Senate, Senator Baker, of Oregon, proceeded to finish his speech in reply to Senator Benjamin, of Louisiana, commenced on Wednesday. He was followed by Senator Douglas, who took the position that the laws could only be enforced by civil process, or by a force headed by a civil officer, and that when rebellion became revolution, and a *de facto* government was formed, then war could be declared.——In the House, Mr. Bingham reported back from the Judiciary Committee the bill further to provide for the collection of duties on imports, with various amendments. The House, for want of a quorum, adjourned over until Monday.

THE NEW FORCE BILL.

Mr. Bingham's bill, reported by him from the House Judiciary Committee on 3d, provides, whenever, by reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations, or assemblages of persons, it shall become impracticable, in the judgment of the President, to execute the revenue laws and collect the duties on imports in the ordinary way, it shall be lawful for him to direct the Custom-house for such district to be established and kept in any secure place within some port or harbor of said district, either on land or on board any vessel; and in that case it should be the duty of the Collector to reside at such place, and there detain all vessels and cargoes arriving within the district until the duties imposed on the cargoes by law shall be paid in cash, any thing in the laws of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding; and in such cases it shall be unlawful to take the vessel or cargo from the custody of the proper officer of the customs, unless by a process from some Court of the United States; and in case any attempt shall be made to take such vessel or cargo by any force or combination, or assemblages of persons too great to be overcome by the officers of the customs, it shall and may be lawful for the President, or such person or persons as he shall have empowered for the purpose, to employ such part of the land or naval forces or militia of the United States as may be deemed necessary for the purpose of preventing the removal of such vessel or cargo and protecting the officers of the customs in retaining the custody thereof.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

On 26th ult., in this body, citizens of the United States in South Carolina were declared citizens of South Carolina. An ordinance was introduced by Mr. Rhett, providing for a Convention of the Southern States to be held at Montgomery, Alabama. On 27th, the Governor was authorized to receive foreign embassadors, etc.; a Council was provided to advise him. On 29th, the collector of customs at Charleston informed the Convention that all the officers of the customs had entered the service of the State. An ordinance was introduced permitting duties to be paid in paper currency. On January 2d, an ordinance was passed which defines and prescribes the punishment for treason. It declares that treason consists in levying war against the State, adhering to its enemies, and giving them aid and comfort—for all which the penalty is "death without the benefit of clergy." Another ordinance provides that all judicial powers shall revert to the State; and another that all powers heretofore vested in Congress shall be vested in the General Assembly of the State.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA CABINET.

Governor Pickens has appointed Hon. A. G. M'Grath Secretary of State of South Carolina, Hon. D. F. Jamison Secretary of War, C. G. Memminger Secretary of the Treasury, W. H. Harlee to regulate the Postal Department and the light-houses, and A. C. Garlington Secretary of the Interior.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY TO THE SOUTH CAROLINA COMMISSIONERS.

A dispatch to the *Herald*, dated Washington, January 2, says:

"The President's reply to the Commissioners of South Carolina has just been communicated. They demanded, as a preliminary step to the initiation of negotiations, that the troops be withdrawn from the forts in Charleston harbor.

"The President positively refuses to do this, and reiterates his views in reference to the public property as set forth in his Message to Congress, and informs them that he not only intends to collect the revenue and execute the laws, but to defend the property of the United States with all the power at his command.

"He does not recognize the Commissioners officially, but regards them as distinguished citizens of the United States from South Carolina.

"The orders to Major Anderson are given in full.

"From them it appears he could only have acted as he has done, and certainly, if he had any tangible evidence that South Carolina designed taking Fort Sumter.

"The policy pursued and the understanding had with the people of South Carolina up to the evacuation of Fort Moultrie are given, and the people of the United States will now understand what kind of pledges existed between the President and the authorities of South Carolina, and whether South Carolina will be sustained, even by the South, in taking possession of property which does not belong to her.

"The position taken by the President has produced the utmost consternation among the Commissioners and their friends."

THE FIRST HOSTILE MOVEMENTS.

On 31st the people of Charleston seized Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, Fort Johnson, the United States Arsenal at Charleston, and the revenue cutter in the bay.

The President intends to collect the duties by force, and has sent to the Senate the name of Mr. M'Intyre, of York, Pennsylvania, as Collector, *vice* Colcock, removed. The sloop of war *Brooklyn*, which has recently returned with the expedition sent out to survey the proposed route for a railroad across the Isthmus at Chiriqui, together with another war-vessel at Norfolk, has been ordered to be kept in readiness to proceed to Charleston at a moment's warning, and a rumor is current that all the important Southern posts are to be immediately reinforced.

HOW THE REVENUE CUTTER AT CHARLESTON WAS SEIZED.

First Lieutenant Underwood, second in command of the revenue-cutter *Aiken*, seized by the secessionists at Charleston, arrived at Washington on 3d, and reported to the Secretary of the Treasury. Lieutenant Underwood states that Captain Coste, the commander of the cutter, was an avowed secessionist some time before South Carolina decided to go out, and agreed, when the State declared herself out of the Union, to resign and turn the vessel over to him, Lieutenant Underwood; but instead of doing so he visited Fort Sumter before Major Anderson took possession of it, and examined it for several hours, and finally placed the cutter in such a position as to leave her at low-water high and dry on land. While she was thus situated the secessionists took possession of her, Captain Coste being still in command, and Lieutenant Underwood, being his subordinate, was of course powerless to act. Captain Coste then informed Lieutenant Underwood that his services would not be required there any longer, and he proceeded immediately to Washington, and reported the above facts to Secretary Thomas.

THE FORTS SEIZED IN GEORGIA.

A dispatch from Charleston states that returns from Georgia indicate that the State has gone largely for secession.

Forts Pulaski and Jackson have positively been occupied by the Georgia State troops, under the Governor's instructions, and it is said that but for this the fortresses would have been taken by an uprising of the people.

Senator Toombs received a dispatch on 3d from Governor Brown, of Georgia, stating that he had ordered the Georgia troops to occupy Fort Pulaski, to prevent the Federal troops from taking it until the meeting of their Convention. Neither Fort Jackson nor the arsenal had been taken, and the Governor gave no intimation [illegible] he intended to take them. The Governor issued the order to occupy Fort Pulaski for the reason that he had learned that the Administration had given orders to reinforce all the forts in the South. Other forts have undoubtedly been taken for the same reason. The President, it is understood, did issue such an order, but it was afterward revoked. The President also received a dispatch announcing the occupation of Fort Pulaski by the Georgia troops.

SEIZURE OF FORTS AT MOBILE.

A telegram from Mobile announces the seizure of the United States Arsenal at that place, in which were stored fifteen hundred barrels of powder, three hundred thousand rounds of musket cartridges, and other munitions of war, but only six stand of arms. It was also rumored that Fort Morgan had been taken possession of.

MAJOR ANDERSON BESIEGED.

A dispatch, dated Washington, January 3, says: "Intelligence was received last night that Fort Sumter is now besieged; that all Major Anderson's communications are cut off; that Fort Moultrie has been completely repaired, and the guns remounted, and every thing is in readiness to open a fire on Major Anderson. New batteries are being erected around him by the secessionists, and every day his danger and the difficulties of reinforcing him are increased. His frequent applications for reinforcements, and even the tears and prayers of his wife having failed to move the President, he has determined never again to renew his request, but will perish, if he must, in the fort. His men have bound themselves by an oath to stand and perish with him.

"It is beyond a doubt that a combination is forming to take forcible possession of the government at Washington on or before the 4th of March, but the precise time is not yet determined.

"The above is from sources which leave no doubt of its reliability."

MAJOR ANDERSON'S REASON FOR MOVING.

The Wilmington (North Carolina) *Herald* says: "After Major Anderson removed to Fort Sumter, Governor Pickens sent Colonel Pettigrew and Major Capers down to him with a dispatch. The *Courier* says his reply had not transpired, but we learn that a gentleman who arrived here yesterday from Charleston says that Major Anderson received the above-named gentlemen courteously, and stated to them that he had acted upon his own responsibility, and for security; that he deprecated the necessity for it, and hoped no attack would be made upon him; that he should hate to turn his guns upon his countrymen; but unless commanded by the Government of the United States, he would never surrender the post while he lived; and that if an attack was made upon him, he hoped the first shot fired at the fort would pierce *his* heart. It is said he has one year's provisions in the fort, and over 200 men."

THE PERILOUS COMMITTEES.

The Senate Committee, as above-mentioned, reported a failure to agree upon a Compromise on Monday. The House Committee, on 28th, voted down the project to restore the Missouri Compromise. They passed resolutions in favor of an enabling Act for New Mexico, at the instance of Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts. They have done nothing else of moment. A new Committee composed of members from the border States is in session.

RESIGNATION OF MR. FLOYD.

On 30th Secretary Floyd resigned his position as the head of the War Department. He says that the movement of Major Anderson in evacuating Fort Moultrie and occupying Fort Sumter was directly contrary to the spirit of assurances which had been given by Secretary Floyd to the authorities of South Carolina, that no change should be made in the disposition of the Government forces in the fortifications in Charleston harbor, until the State Commissioners could arrive in Washington and have a hearing. As soon as the action of Major Anderson became known, the Commissioners called upon Secretary Floyd for explanations. Mr. Floyd disavowed the act, but the Commissioners would not be satisfied with any thing short of the withdrawal of the troops from Fort Sumter. This, it appears, Secretary Floyd was willing to agree to, and he accordingly asked the permission of the President to issue the necessary order. The Cabinet had a very long discussion on the subject; but, finally, the weight of the Cabinet being against complying with the demand of the Commissioners, Secretary Floyd felt himself called upon to resign.

WHY GOVERNOR FLOYD RESIGNED.

In his letter of resignation he says:

"I then considered the honor of the Administration pledged to maintain the troops in the position they occupied, for such had been the assurances given to the gentlemen of South Carolina who had a right to speak for her. South Carolina, on the other hand, gave reciprocal pledges that no force should be brought by them against the troops or against the property of the United States. The sole object of both parties in these reciprocal pledges was to prevent a collision and the effusion of blood, in the hope that some means might be found for a peaceful accommodation of the existing troubles, the two Houses of Congress having both raised Committees looking to that object. Thus affairs stood until the action of Major Anderson, taken unfortunately while the Commissioners were on their way to this Capital on a peaceful mission looking to the avoidance of bloodshed, has complicated matters in the existing manner. Our refusal or even delay to place affairs back as they stood under our agreement invites a collision, and must inevitably inaugurate civil war. I can not consent to be the agent of such calamity. I deeply regret that I feel myself under the necessity of tendering to you my resignation as Secretary of War, because I can no longer hold it under my convictions of patriotism nor with honor, subjected as I am to a violation of solemn pledges and plighted faith."

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Governor's Message was delivered to the Legislature at Harrisburg on 2d inst.

He declares the doctrine of secession erroneous. The Constitution is something more than a mere compact. Organized resistance to the Federal Government is rebellion. If successful, it may be purged of the crime by revolution; if unsuccessful, the persons may be executed as traitors. But while denying the right of a State to absolve its citizens from allegiance to the Federal Government, nevertheless it is proper that we carefully and candidly examine the reasons alleged, and if they are well founded they should be unhesitatingly removed, and reparation made for the past and security for the future; for a government created by the people should never do injustice to any portion of its citizens. Pennsylvania being included in the States alleged to have refused compliance with the Fugitive Slave Law, he unhesitatingly avers that the State has been almost invariably influenced by a high regard for the rights of her sister States. After examining the present State laws, he says there is nothing to prevent the revival of the act of 1826, leaving to the claimant the right to seek a remedy under the State or National laws. He recommends that the consent of the State be given to the master, while sojourning in or passing through Pennsylvania, to retain the services of the slave. He suggests the re-enactment of the Missouri Compromise, and that the line be extended to California by amendment of the Constitution; recommends the Legislature to instruct our representatives in Congress to support such an amendment, to be submitted to the State Convention for ratification, and if Congress fails to propose it, let it emanate from the people. He closes by declaring that Pennsylvania is devoted to the Union, and will follow the stars and stripes through every peril. He adds: "But before assuming the responsibilities that are foreshadowed, it is the solemn duty of Pennsylvania to remove every just cause of complaint, so that she can stand before high Heaven without fear and without reproach, and then she will be ready to devote her lives and fortunes to the best form of government ever devised by the wisdom of man. Though a dark cloud now rests upon the Union, my hopes and affections still cling to it. My prayer is, that He who orders the destinies of nations, when he shall have punished us for our sins, will again have mercy upon us, and bind us together in stronger and more hallowed bonds of fraternity, so that the Union may remain unbroken through all future time."

MISSOURI FOR THE UNION.

Governor Stewart's Message was read to the Legislature on 3d.

After reviewing the progress of the Abolition and Republican parties, and stating the result of their success, the Governor says that Missouri occupies a position in regard to these troubles that should make her voice potent in the councils of the nation. With scarcely a Disunionist *per se* within her borders, she is still determined to demand and maintain her rights at every hazard.

Missouri loves the Union, and will never submit to wrong. She came into the Union upon a compromise, and is willing to abide by a fair compromise—not such ephemeral contracts as are enacted by Congress to-day and repealed to-morrow, but a compromise assuring all the just rights of the States, and agreed to in solemn convention of all the parties interested.

Missouri has a right to speak on this subject, because she has suffered deeply, having, probably, lost as much in the past few years by abductions of slaves as all the rest of the Southern States put together.

Speaking of secession, the Governor deprecates the action of South Carolina, and says: "Our people would feel more sympathy with the movement, had it originated among those who, like ourselves, have suffered severe losses and constant annoyances from the interference and depredations of outsiders."

Missouri will hold to the Union so long as it is worth the effort to preserve it. She can not be frightened by the past unfriendly legislation of the North, or dragooned into secession by the restrictive legislation of the extreme South. The Governor denies the right of voluntary secession, and says that it would be utterly destructive of every principle on which the national faith is founded; appeals to the great conservative masses of the people to put down selfish and designing politicians, to avert the threatened evils, and closes with a strong recommendation to adopt all proper measures for our rights; condemns the resort to separation; protests against hasty and unwise action, and records his unalterable devotion to the Union, so long as it can be made the protector of equal rights.

The Inaugural Address of Governor Jackson, of Missouri, was delivered on 4th. It is devoted almost exclusively to a discussion of the national troubles, and takes the position that Missouri must stand by the other Slaveholding States, whatever course they may pursue—the interests of all being identical. Missouri, however, is in favor of remaining in the Union so long as there is a hope of maintaining the guarantees of the Constitution. The Governor is opposed to coercion in any event, but recommends the calling of a State Convention to ascertain the will of the people.

MARYLAND FOR THE UNION.

Henry Winter Davis's address to his constituents is a powerful appeal against convening the Maryland Legislature. He contends that such an act, under the present excitement, would be fraught with imminent danger to the Union, and to any hope of adjusting the existing national difficulties. He denounces the efforts made and making to have our Legislature assembled, as instigated by the extreme revolutionists and secessionists of the South—a plot to forcibly take possession of the Federal Capital and prevent Lincoln's inauguration, which would irretrievably dissolve the Union, and plunge the whole nation into civil war.

He also says that Maryland has every thing to lose and nothing to gain by joining a Southern Confederacy. A dissolved Union, under any circumstances, destroys her identity, kills her commerce, her railroads, manufactures, every thing. Her only safety is in the Union, and her paramount duty is to defend it at every hazard.

He says the Southern secessionists have been stumping the State, insidiously poisoning the minds of the Maryland people, and endeavoring to get them to urge the convocation of the Legislature by overruling and intimidating Governor Hicks; that if the Legislature were convened such appliances would be made to the members as would cause them to take sides with the filibustering revolutionists, and plunge the whole country into irretrievable ruin.

He also opposes any convention of the border States, as has been proposed, to assemble in Baltimore—it being unconstitutional. Every project toward adjusting the difficulties must be unconstitutional, except those in the amendments and compromises prescribed by the Constitution. The whole people and States must act together. He believes slavery secure only by the Union's protection. Nothing but adjustment within the whole Union can avert civil war. He still hopes this settlement within the range of possibility.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MICHIGAN.

The Michigan Legislature met at Lansingburg on 2d, and organized by the election of Dexter Mussey, of Macomb, Speaker. The retiring Governor delivered his annual Message to both Houses. State affairs are represented to be in a prosperous condition. He takes strong ground against the right of secession; charges the President of the United States with misrepresenting the principles of the Republican party; and attributes the present sectional excitement to misrepresentation, by the Northern Democratic press, as to the intentions and designs of that party. In relation to the Personal Liberty laws of the State, he says if they are unconstitutional and in conflict with the Fugitive Slave law, they should be repealed; but says these laws are right, and speak the sentiments of the people, are in strict accordance with the Constitution, and ought not to be repealed. Let them stand. This is no time for timid and vacillating counsel while the cry of treason is ringing in our ears.

Governor Blair, of Michigan, in his Inaugural Address, sent to the Legislature of that State on 4th, denies the right of secession, and says that if without yielding this point it could be done, he presumes that the country generally would be willing to let the restless little State of South Carolina step out. He denies that the Personal Liberty laws have prevented the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law in a single instance. He is unwilling that Michigan should comply with a demand to repeal any of her laws when it is accompanied with threats. He recommends that the Legislature speedily assure the country that Michigan will stand by the Union, and to proffer to the President her whole military force in its defense.

THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Governor Banks, contrary to custom, upon surrendering his commission as Governor of Massachusetts, addressed a Message to the Legislature, reviewing his administration, and giving an exhibit of the financial condition of the commonwealth. It was never in a more prosperous condition. This is not only true in face of the present depressed condition of the country, but it is also true that the Savings Banks of Massachusetts contain deposits, made almost wholly by the working men and women of that and other New England States, to the amount of thirty-three million of dollars. In view of the startling announcements that the laboring classes of Massachusetts are starving, the above is a remarkable fact.

DELAWARE FOR THE UNION.

The Legislature of Delaware met at Dover, on 2d inst., and organized by choosing Dr. Martin, of Sussex, Speaker of the Senate, and Mr. Williamson, of Newcastle, Speaker of the House.

Hon. H. Dickenson, Commissioner from Mississippi, was received to-day, and addressed both Houses in a strong Southern Speech, taking ground in favor of South Carolina and secession, and inviting Delaware to join in a Southern Confederacy. He claimed the right of the Southern States to secede, and said that if they were not allowed to do so, war was inevitable.

The speech of Mr. Dickenson was greeted with applause and hisses.

After the speech the House adopted unanimously the following resolution, in which the Senate concurred by a majority:

"*Resolved*, That having extended to Hon. H. Dickenson, Commissioner from Mississippi, the courtesy due him as a representative of a sovereign State of the Confederacy, as well as to the State he represents, we deem it proper and due to ourselves and the people of Delaware to express our unqualified disapproval of the remedy for the existing difficulties suggested by the resolutions of the Legislature of Mississippi."

MEETING OF THE FLORIDA CONVENTION.

A telegram dated Tallahasse, Thursday, January 3, says: The Convention met at noon to-day. Colonel Petit was chosen temporary chairman. A prayer was made by Bishop Rutledge. The several counties in the State were then called, and the delegates enrolled their names. No permanent organization was effected, nor was any Committee appointed on the subject.

STARVATION AND TERROR IN THE COTTON STATES.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Press* says:

"I have been enabled to glean from conversation with visitors lately arrived in this city from Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, Savannah, and Memphis, and from reading certain private letters, the following facts:

"That starvation is impending in many parts of South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana.

"That there is little or no money in circulation in the Cotton States, and notwithstanding the suspension of nearly all the Southern banks, their paper has greatly depreciated.

"That even Virginia notes are far below par in this city.

"That the necessity of raising money to support war establishments in the different Cotton States, intended for the double purpose of resisting the Federal Government and of putting down local trouble, alarms the property-holders, many of whom would retire to the North, but they are forced to pay these taxes in order to prevent suspicion, and are compelled to remain lest a portion of their families might be retained as hostages.

"That constant fears are entertained of a rising of the slaves in most of the Southern States. These fears, whether real or imaginary, are producing universal alarm.

"Letters received this morning by a Southern lady represent the feeling on this subject as intense.

"That bitter divisions are growing up among the politicians in the South—some produced by disputes on the question of secession, some by the horrors of forced taxation, and still more by the fact that South Carolina is in the attitude of enforcing a Reign of Terror, to which all men must submit in order to save reputation and life."

FAMINE IN ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI, ETC.

A Kentucky letter to the Philadelphia *Press* says: "In the mean while starvation throughout the Southern cities, starvation in Alabama, starvation in South Carolina, starvation in Mississippi, and even starvation in Kentucky, is threatened. Yes! almost in the neighborhood of the residence of the Vice-President himself. I have in my hand a letter from a Democrat living in Lexington, who says, 'Times are so hard here that I am compelled to economize so as to live. We have held on here until patience is entirely exhausted, and now we see no other alternative but secession.' The cry that 'Cotton is king' is well enough, but cotton can not buy bacon and grain to feed the slaves. This must be procured with bullion—with gold and silver; and while England will undoubtedly send forward her specie in order to procure her supply of cotton, this specie must go to the Western cities and States, to save the Southern cities and States from the direful catastrophe of famine. What a comment, this painful fact, upon the favorite theory of establishing non-intercourse laws between the North and the South, and of taxing those States which are supposed to have passed Personal Liberty bills!"

REIGN OF TERROR IN MISSISSIPPI.

The following letter, from a large landholder and planter in Mississippi, is published in the *Herald*:

"—— Co. Mississippi, *Dec.* 25, 1860.

"I have been through several counties in this State, and some of the northern counties in Alabama, and I have no hesitation in saying that the men of property in both States are unanimously opposed to the secession movement. It is got up and engineered by the politicians and the poor whites: the slaveholders are compelled to fall in with it for fear of having their property confiscated. The largest slaveowner in this State was warned, the other day, that if he gave vent to his Union sentiment he would be lynched and his property confiscated. He took the hint and left the State. It is so in every county, and also in Alabama, Louisiana, and Georgia. The interests of the owners of slaves and property of every kind make them friends of the Union; but in the present state of feeling in these States they can not declare themselves without running more risk than they care to encounter. The hope of us slaveholders is, that the Government will at last do something to check the present revolutionary tide, so as to give us a chance to organize a reactionary party without endangering ourselves, our cotton, or our necks. If people here felt certain that the United States Government would fight vigorously, a submissionist party would soon make itself heard. It is the belief that Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet are on the side of secession, and that no resistance is to be feared, which gives courage to the enemies of the Union. I have very little hope myself in the future. We are now paying such prices for corn and provisions that cotton planting is a losing business. If I could sell my slaves I would go North; but I could not sell now without losing sixty per cent. at least on their cost. So I must swim with the tide and bear what fortune brings along."

A WARNING FROM GENERAL WOOL.

In a letter recently published General Wool says: "Surely the President would not surrender the citadel of the harbor of Charleston to rebels. Fort Sumter commands the entrance, and in a few hours could demolish Fort Moultrie. So long as the United States keeps possession of this fort, the independence of South Carolina will only be in name, and not in fact. If, however, it should be surrendered to South Carolina, which I do not apprehend, the smothered indignation of the free States would be roused beyond control. It would not be in the power of any one to restrain it. In twenty days two hundred thousand men would be in readiness to take vengeance on all who would betray the Union into the hands of its enemies. Be assured that I do not exaggerate the feelings of the people. They are already sufficiently excited at the attempt to dissolve the Union for no other reason than that they constitutionally exercised the most precious right conferred on them—of voting for the person whom they considered the most worthy and best qualified to fill the office of President. Fort Sumter, therefore, ought not, and I presume will not, be delivered over to South Carolina."

THURLOW WEED FOR COMPROMISE STILL.

The Albany *Evening Journal* thus closes an article vindicating its course in urging compromise on the slavery question for the sake of the Union: "If our Republican friends would but turn their attention from the 'dead past' to the 'living present,' with an intelligent appreciation of all that the lesson teaches, our differences would cease. We only differ in this, viz.: That with the election of a Republican President, the issues upon which his success was mainly based became obsolete—obsolete, because, until we acquire more territory, the conflict between Freedom and Slavery is over. The moment the ballot-boxes closed, on the 6th day of November, the freedom of Kansas, Nebraska, Washington, New Mexico, etc., was assured. The work was finished; and however vehemently our friends may keep stumping, their fires will go out, and until fresh fuel is furnished can not be rekindled. The idea of sustaining the Republican party upon questions that have been argued and decided, is as preposterous as to expect to reap wheat or harvest corn from fields in which seed was neither sown nor planted. Let us, then, gather instruction from the 'dead past,' but as men of sense deal with the 'living present.'"

MR. SHERMAN ON THE CRISIS.

In a letter to a Philadelphia Committee, Mr. Sherman says: "In this view of the present condition of public affairs, it becomes the people of the United States seriously to consider whether the Government shall be arrested in the execution of its undisputed powers by the citizens of one or more States, or whether we shall test the power of the Government to defend itself against dissolution. Can a separation take place without war? If so, where will be the line? Who shall possess the magnificent capital, with all its evidences of progress and civilization? Shall the mouth of the Mississippi be separated from its sources? Who shall possess the Territories? Suppose these difficulties to be overcome; suppose that in peace we should huckster and divide up our nationality, our flag, our history; all the recollections of the past; suppose all these difficulties overcome, how can two rival republics, of the same race of men, divided only by a line or a river for thousands of miles, with all the present difficulties aggravated by separation, avoid forays, disputes, and war? How can we travel our future march of progress in Mexico or on the high seas, or on the Pacific slope, without collision? It is impossible. To peaceably accomplish such results we must change the nature of man. *Disunion is war!* God knows I do not threaten it, for I will seek to prevent it in every way possible. I speak but the logic of facts, which we should not conceal from each other. It is either hostility between the Government and the seceding States, or, if separation is yielded peaceably, it is a war of factions—a rivalry of insignificant communities, hating each other, and contemned by the civilized world. If war results, what a war it will be! Contemplate the North and South in hostile array against each other. If these sections do not know each other *now*, they will *then*."

MR. LINCOLN'S CABINET.

The New York *Times* says: "It seems to be certain that Mr. Lincoln has tendered places in his Cabinet to Edward Bates, of Missouri, and Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and that both these invitations have been accepted. We have reason to believe that he has also tendered the post of Secretary of State to Senator Seward, and that it is likely to be accepted. Our information upon this point, however, is not positive."

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE SENATOR WADE.

A dispatch, dated Washington, Jan. 2, says: "Among other sensations to-day was one that Senator Wade was to be assassinated. The particulars are as follows: Some time since some one residing in Mississippi, signing himself Phelps, wrote a letter to Wade, after his late speech, threatening to shoot him at sight on account of the anti-Southern sentiments therein contained. Yesterday afternoon a man called upon Hon. Edward Wade, a Representative from Ohio, at his residence, Mrs. Carter's, No. 4 A Street, Capitol Hill, and asked if he was the Congressman who had lately made a speech? Mr. W. replied that it was not himself, but a relative. The stranger then asked where his relative, the Senator, lived. Mr. W. gave the direction, and detaining his visitor upon some pretext or other, sent word to the Senator that a suspicious individual was on his track, and that he should be on his guard. In due time the stranger appeared at the lodgings of Senator Wade, at Mrs. Hyatt's, No. 339 Pennsylvania Avenue. He was invited into the parlor, but declined, stating that his business was with Mr. Wade alone, and that he wished to see him in his apartment. He was then confronted by the Hon. Sidney Edgerton, of Ohio, who was stopping at the same place. Mr. E. asked the stranger where he was from. He replied, Massachusetts. But his pronunciation and general appearance inclined Mr. Edgerton to believe that he was not from that region. Mr. E. then asked him his name. This the stranger refused to give, and said he would disclose it to Mr. Wade alone. He was told that Mr. W. was not accustomed to receive the visits of strangers in that manner, and thereupon the stranger withdrew. This is the whole of that assassination story, so far. The affair has created considerable talk and speculation; for, in the midst of the sea of bad blood that now surges between the North and South, there is no knowing what an hour may bring forth."

DEATH OF RALPH FARNHAM.

Ralph Farnham, the last survivor of the battle of Bunker's Hill, died on the 26th ult. in Acton, Maine, at the age of 104 years, 5 months, 19 days. On the afternoon preceding his demise he asked his daughter-in-law, "Ain't there angels in the room?" She replied, "Father, do you think there are?" "Oh yes," said he, "the room is full of them, and they have come to assist me home." Speaking of his recent trip to Boston, where he met the Prince of Wales, and the Massachusetts State officers, he said: "One day Governor Banks and Mrs. Banks came to see me, and each of them made me a present. Mrs. Banks kissed me; and I don't recollect that I ever felt so embarrassed in all my life as I did when I found the Governor's wife was going to kiss me."

NATIONAL FAST-DAY.

The National Fast Day, appointed by the President, and accordingly recommended by the Governor of this State, was observed in this City by an almost universal cessation of business, and otherwise in the most becoming manner. Nearly all the churches of the various denominations were opened, and were well filled, and in most instances crowded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A HINT TO KING COTTON.

We read in the Manchester *Guardian*: "Several samples of Indian cotton have been exhibited on 'Change to-day, received by the Cotton Supply Association from the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Calcutta. One sample was grown from Bourbon seed, and is of excellent quality, worth 7*d*. per pound; another is the native Oopum cotton of India, and a third is grown in the neighborhood of Delhi, valued at 6*d*. The attention of the trade is being called to these products in proof that India can furnish the necessary staple for our manufactures. Under the uncertainty in which the supply of cotton is placed by the state of the relation between the free and the slave States of America, it is to be hoped that spinners will encourage importation from all other quarters. In connection with this subject, we point attention to the prospectus of a Cotton Importing Company (limited) which is started under the highest auspices, and of which Mr. Thomas Bazley is Chairman of the Provisional Committee."

FRANCE.

THE QUESTION OF VENICE.

Two significant articles have appeared in the *Constitutionnel*, from the pen of M. Grandguillot, relative to Austria and Venetia. In these articles it is covertly intimated that Austria must consent to sell Venetia, or be prepared for a new war in the spring. It is also asserted that France will never suffer the return to an offensive policy by Austria in Lombardy.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI AT HOME.

The Naples correspondence of the *Times* contains the following extracts from a letter from Caprera received in Naples:

"Caprera, *Sunday, Dec.* 2.

"At break of day all are astir, and every one preparing himself for his own occupation, so that on the little square facing the house you see on one side Colonel D—— sharpening a knife, on the other F—— mending a spade; Menotti, his son, trying a musket; B——, who with a needle mends nets: G—— selecting the seeds; and, inside the house, the daughter's good governess preparing some coffee for these working people.

"Then each goes about his business—one to the direction of the plow, another to the plantation of the vine, which is to be tried: some devoting themselves to fishing, others to the chase, and the General to survey all, to direct all, selecting the best agricultural systems that his mind suggests to him.

"Toward mid-day a slight and sober collation, where, seated around an old walnut table, 'belonging to drawing or entrance room,' they narrate to each other their campestral feats, interspersed by relations of war-episodes, of military adventures, and a hundred other things which render that familiar intercourse so exquisitely agreeable and homelike.

"Then the daughter, *à l'impromptu*, makes the house resound with the accords of an excellent piano (sole luxurious article of furniture he possesses at Caprera), and begins playing the allegro, '*Dagliela avanti un passo*,' followed by that here prohibited, '*Va fuori d'Italia*'—hymns which recall so much grief and so many national joys. After breakfast each resumes his occupation again to meet at the frugal evening dinner, where certainly no one envies the regal repast shared in gilded saloons. At night, after a short walk, the Dictator retires to his own little room, and there, alone with his thoughts, meditates on the future destiny of that Italy, which, I may say, he never names without a tremor of love.

"C. M——."

CHINA.

THE LATEST FROM PEKIN.

The British Foreign-office on Thursday, December 20, issued the two following notifications to the newspapers:

Sir John Crampton reports yesterday that Lord Elgin, in a letter of the 8th November, informs him of the ratification and publication of the treaty with China, and of the march of the army to Tien-tsin. His lordship makes no mention of the prisoners, but says that he is indebted to General Ignatieff for the manner in which that minister had promoted the object of his negotiations.

The following, from Sir John Crampton, dated at St. Petersburg, also reached the Foreign-office on the same day:

Prince Gortschakoff has communicated to me the following report, from General Ignatieff, of the European massacres by the Chinese: English, De Norman (Mr. Bruce's *attaché*), Anderson (chief of Lord Elgin's escort), and the correspondent of the *Times*. French, Dubat (Intendent of the French expedition), one of his aides-de-camp, and a Colonel of Artillery. These are the only cases cited by General Ignatieff, but the total number of victims is not less than 19.

TORTURES INFLICTED ON THE PRISONERS.

The following is the evidence of Jowalla Sing, who was with Lieutenant Anderson and Mr. De Norman when they died:

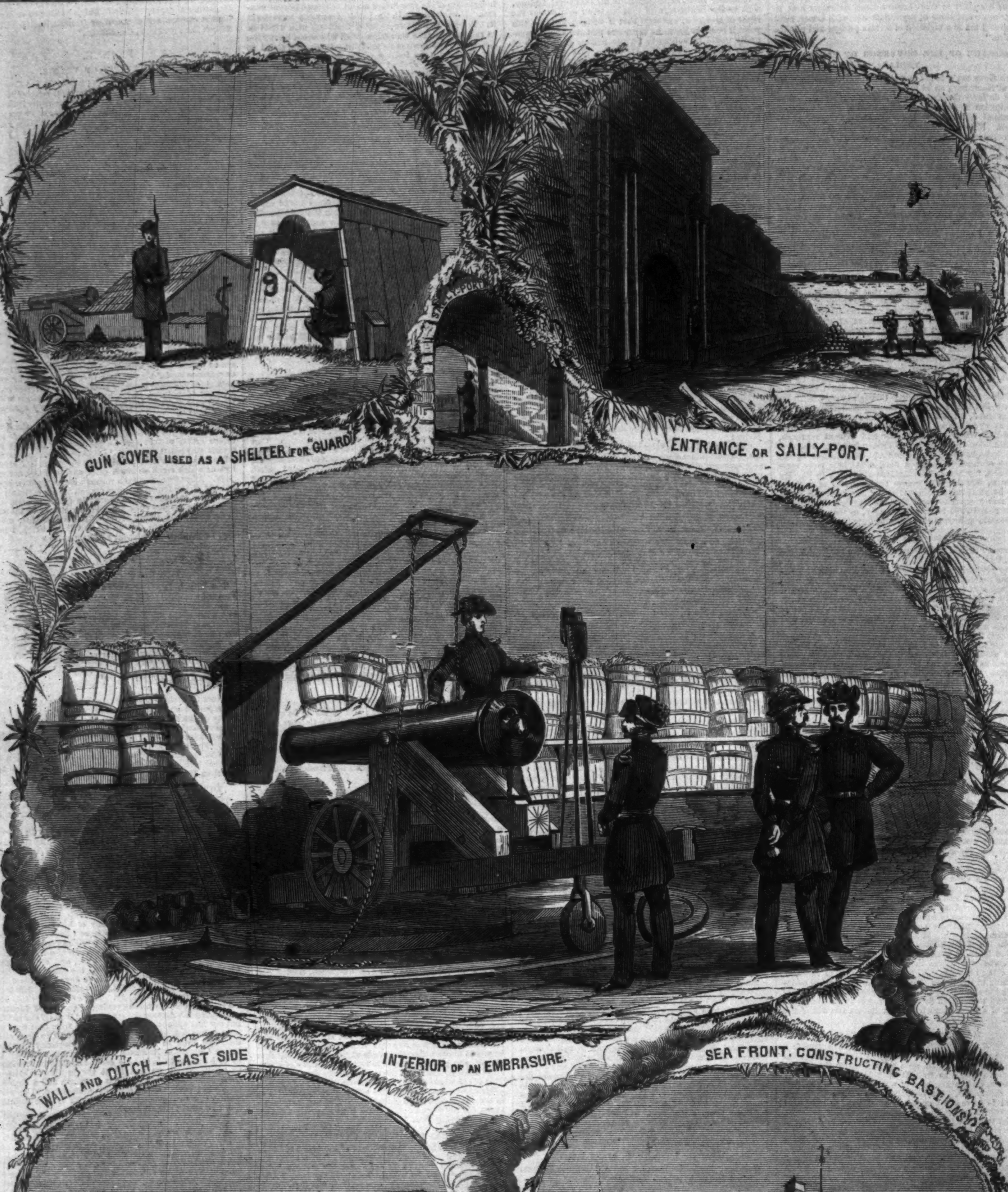
"We arrived at a fort, and were there put in prison, confined in cages and loaded with chains. At that time we were seven in all. I know nothing of the others. They were taken further on. We were kept in this place three days, so tightly bound with cords that we could not move—the sowars bound with one cord, the others with two. At the first place we got nothing to eat, after that they gave us a little as before. After the first day at the second place Lieutenant Anderson became delirious, and remained so, with a few lucid intervals, until his death, which occurred on the ninth day of his imprisonment. Two days before his death his nails and fingers burst from the tightness of the cords, and mortification set in, and the bones of the wrist were exposed. While he was alive worms were generated in his wounds, and ate into and crawled over his body. They left the body there three days, and then took it away. Five days after his death a sowar named Ramdun died in the same state. His body was taken away immediately. Three days after this Mr. De Norman died. On the evening of the day of Lieutenant Anderson's decease the cords were taken off our hands, but our feet were still kept bound; and from that time we were better fed. Our feet were unbound two days after this, and kept so until our release yesterday evening. When Lieutenant Anderson and our comrades called on us to help him by biting his cords, the Chinamen kicked us away. When we arrived at the joss-house between Tung-chow and Pekin, Captain Brabazon and a Frenchman went back, and Lieutenant Anderson told us they were going to the Commander-in-Chief to give information and obtain our release."

HOW THEY DIED.

The following is the testimony of another Sikh soldier:

"We were then put into tents, six in each; Mr. Anderson told off the numbers to each. This was about 2 o'clock in the day. About half an hour after our arrival Mr. De Norman was taken out, under the pretense of having his face and hands washed; he was immediately seized, thrown on the ground, and his hands and feet tied together behind. Mr. Anderson was then taken out and tied in the same manner; then Mr. Bowlby, and then the Frenchman, and then the sowars. After we had all been tied they put water on our bonds to tighten them. They then lifted us up, and took us into a court-yard, where we remained in the open air for three days, exposed to the sun and cold. Mr. Anderson became delirious the second day, from the effects of the sun and want of water and food. We had nothing to eat all that time. At last they gave us about two square inches of bread and a little water. In the daytime the place was left open, and hundreds of people came to stare at us. There were many men of rank among the spectators. At night a soldier was placed on guard over each of us. If we spoke a word, or asked for water, we were beaten and stamped upon. They kicked us about the head with their boots. If we asked for something to eat, they crammed dirt down our mouths. At the end of the third day irons were put on our necks, wrists, and ankles, and about three o'clock on the fourth day we were taken away in carts. I never saw Mr. Anderson again. In our two carts there were eight of us—viz., three Frenchmen, four Sikhs, and myself. One Frenchman died on the road; he was wounded with a sword-cut on the head. We were then taken away toward the hills. That night we stopped at a house to eat and rest, and traveled all the next day. We stopped again at night, and late the next day arrived at a walled town as big as Tien-tsin. There was also a large white fort outside the town, about two miles off. The place was surrounded on three sides by high hills. We were taken into the jail inside the town. A Frenchman died after he had been in the jail about eight or nine days, and Sowar Prem Singh about three or four days after that. They both died from maggots eating into their flesh, and from which mortification ensued. The mandarin in charge of the jail took off my irons about ten days ago. The Chinese prisoners were very kind to us, cleansed and washed our wounds, and gave us what they had to eat.

"Camp, Pekin, October 13, 1860."



GUN COVER USED AS A SHELTER FOR GUARD.

ENTRANCE OR SALLY-PORT.

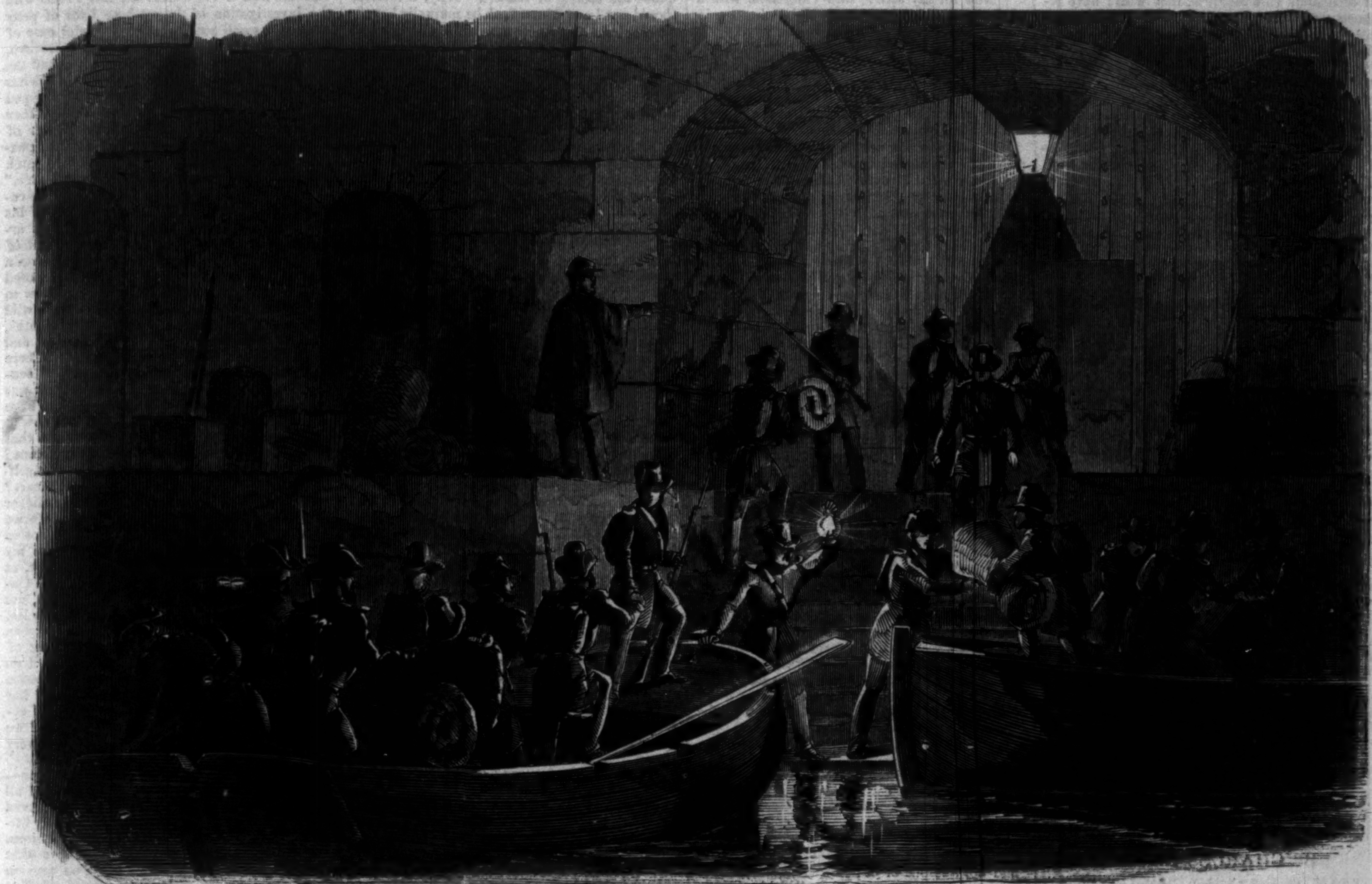
WALL AND DITCH—EAST SIDE.

INTERIOR OF AN EMBRASURE.

SEA FRONT, CONSTRUCTING BASTIONS.

SKETCHES OF FORT MOULTRIE

BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.



ENTRY OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND INTO FORT SUMTER ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1860.

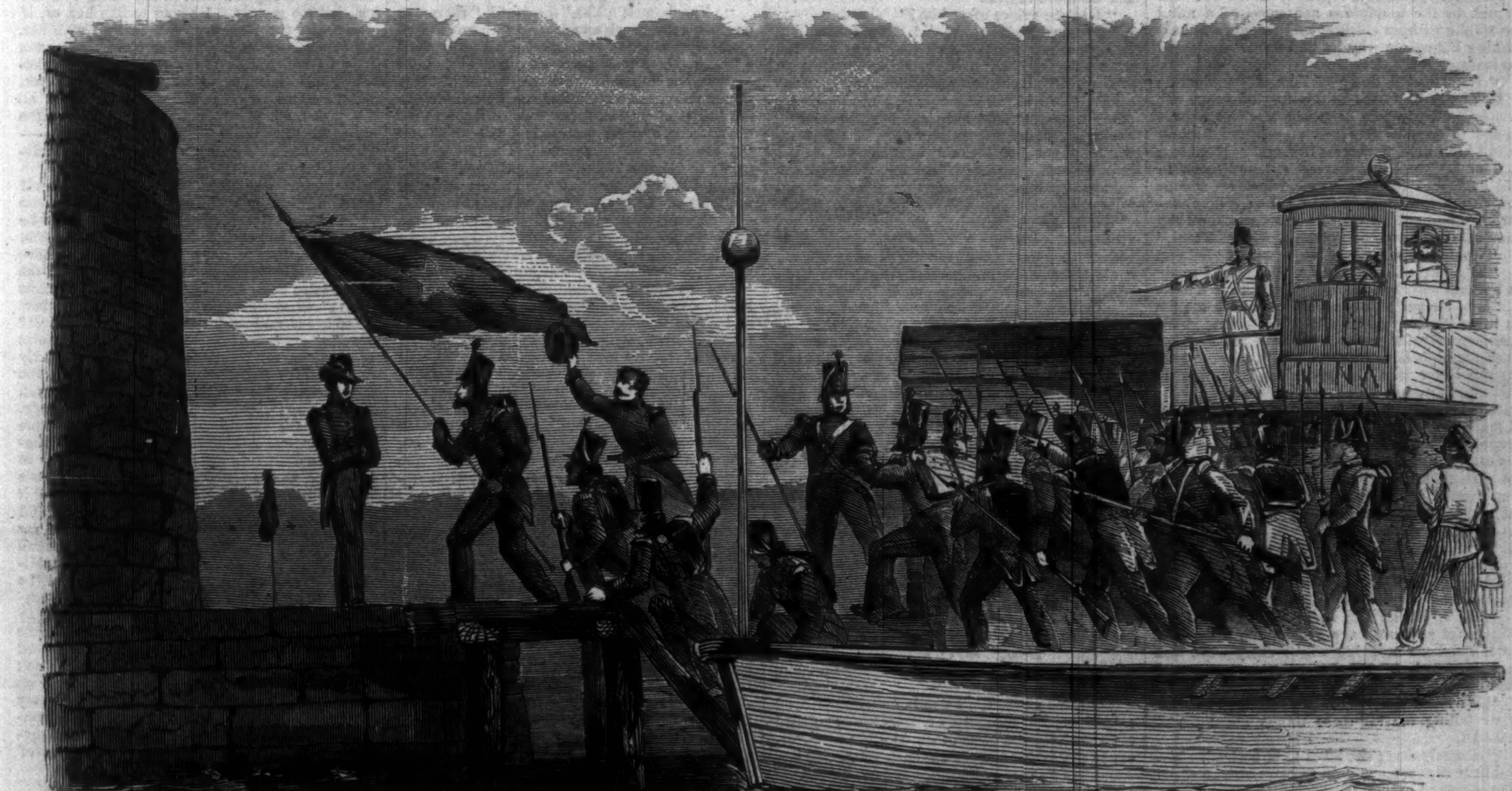
THE REVOLUTION AT CHARLESTON.

WE are enabled, through the kindness of an officer of Major Anderson's command, and others, to present our readers with a series of pictures of Fort Moultrie, which was evacuated by the United States troops on the night of Christmas; also of the occupation of Castle Pinckney by the Charlestonians; and of the entry of Major Anderson and his force into Fort Sumter. The relative bearing and general appearance of these various works have already been fully illustrated in the *Weekly*.

The pictures of Fort Moultrie explain themselves. At the time the sketches were taken it is not probable that the officers had any intention of evacuating the work; if their chief had formed the resolution, he kept it to himself. It will be seen that, notwithstanding the weakness of the place, our gallant troops had prepared for a desperate struggle.

The evacuation took place, as was said, on the night of 25–26th December. Major Anderson had dined with the Charleston authorities, and returned to Fort Moultrie about 9 A.M. One story says that the Major deceived his friends by pretending sleep, and that accordingly the watch kept on his movements by the *Nina* was that night relaxed. At any rate, to use the language of a Charleston contemporary, "the evacuation commenced on Tuesday evening. The men were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, with knapsacks packed, at a moment's notice; but up to the moment of their leaving had no idea of abandoning the post. They were reviewed on parade, and were then ordered to two schooners, lying in the vicinity, where they embarked, taking with them all the necessaries, stores, etc., requisite in their evacuation. Several trips were made during the night, and a great part of the provisions and camp furniture were transported under cover of night. The brightness of the moon, however, afforded but slight concealment to their movements; and in one of the trips, Lieutenant Davis in command, a schooner full of soldiers and baggage passed directly under the bow of the guard-boat *Nina*. The officer who made the statement expressed himself to be ignorant whether the watch on board the *Nina* discovered the movement or not—at all events, he said they did not signify any cognizance of the fact."

Next day the Charlestonians were greatly ex-



OCCUPATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY BY THE CHARLESTON MILITIA, DECEMBER 26, 1860.

cited at the news. They had calculated, it seems, on taking Fort Sumter without resistance; and as it commands Fort Moultrie, they would have reduced that work, and taken Major Anderson and his command prisoners whenever they chose. The Major was a little too smart for them, however. With the small force he has he can hold Fort Sumter against a very large body of assailants, and in the event of an attack, can shell Charleston with his heavy bombs. However, to console themselves, the people of Charleston resolved to occupy Castle Pinckney, a fort of minor importance. The Charleston *Mercury* gives the following account of the movement:

> "The Rifle battalion, under command of Colonel J. J. Pettigrew, assembled promptly upon the Citadel green. They were substantially equipped in winter uniform, with blankets, knapsacks, and revolvers. The battalion numbered some 150 men, and consisted of detachments from the Meagher Guards, the Carolina light infantry, and the Washington light infantry. Shortly after four o'clock the word was given, and the companies advanced in double-quick time, without music, toward the Cooper River. None of them, we believe, excepting the officers, were aware of their destination. They embarked on the steamer *Nina*, which immediately headed for Castle Pinckney, and the surmise soon became confirmed that the destination of the command was to take possession of that fortress. On nearing the fort, a number of men were observed on the wharf, one of whom, in advance of the others, was observed holding what appeared to be a paper in his hand. This was said to have been the riot act. As soon as the *Nina* touched the wharf, the storming party who had been detailed for that duty sprang ashore, and rushed round to the rear of the fortress, where the gate is situated. This was found closed, and a cry for storming ladders was soon answered by a detachment bearing a dozen or more of them. These were instantly planted, and under cover of the rifles of the battalion, the walls were escaladed and the gates thrown open.
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> "On entering the fort it was found to be tenanted only by an officer of engineers and a small party of laborers—none of whom made any resistance. The engineer officer was informed that he was at liberty to leave, and remove his personal effects, and in a few minutes he set out in a boat belonging to the fort, accompanied by four other men. From the direction in which he steered, it is supposed that he went to Fort Moultrie.
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> "The flag of the *Nina*, consisting of a white star on a red ground, was then hoisted amidst loud cheers; and when our reporter left a strong guard had been mounted; and preparations for garrisoning the fortress were well advanced."

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT a pleasant little dinner we had that day! It was laid out in a little summer-house of the inn garden. All overgrown with a fine old fig-tree, through whose leaves the summer wind played deliciously, while a tiny rivulet rippled close by, and served to cool our "Achten tholer"—an amount of luxury that made Tintenfleck quite wild with laughter.

"Is it cold enough?" she asked, archly, in her peasant-dialect, each time the old man laid down his glass.

As I came gradually to pick up the occasional meaning of her words—a process which her expressive pantomime greatly aided—I was struck by the marvelous acuteness of a mind so totally without culture, and I could not help asking Väterchen why he had never attempted to instruct her.

"What can I do?" said he, despondently; "there are no books in the only language she knows, and the only language she will condescend to speak. She can understand Italian, and I have read stories for her, and sonnets too, out of Leopardi, but though she will listen in all eagerness till they are finished, no sooner over than she breaks out into some wild Calabrian song, and asks me is it not worth all the fine things I have been giving her, thrice told."

"Could you not teach her to write?"

"I tried that. I bought a slate, and I made a bargain with her, that she should have a scarlet knot for her hair when she could ask me for it in written words. Well, all seemed to go on prosperously for a time; we had got through half the alphabet very successfully, till we came to the letter H. This made her laugh immediately, it was so like a scaffold we had in the circus for certain exercises; and no sooner had I marked down the letter than she snatched the pencil from me and drew the figure of a man on each bar of the letter. From that hour forth, as though her wayward humor had been only imprisoned, she burst forth into every imaginable absurdity at our lessons. Every ridiculous event of our daily life she drew, and with a rapidity almost incredible. I was not very apt, as you may imagine, in acquiring the few accomplishments they thought to give me, and she caricatured me under all my difficulties."

"Si, si," broke she in at this; for with a wonderful acuteness she could trace something of a speaker's meaning where every word was unknown to her. As she spoke she arose and fled down the garden at top speed.

"Why has she gone? Is she displeased at your telling me all these things about her?" asked I.

"Scarcely that; she loves to be noticed. Nothing really seems to pain her so much as when she is passed over unremarked. When such an event would occur in the circus, I have seen her sob through her sleep all the night after. I half suspect now that she is piqued at the little notice you have bestowed upon her. All the better if it be so."

"But here she comes again."

With the same speed she now came back to us, holding her slate over her head, and showing that she rightly interpreted what the old man had said of her.

"Now for my turn!" said Väterchen, with a smile. "She is never weary of drawing me in every absurd and impossible posture."

"What is it to be, Tintenfleck?" asked he. "How am I to figure this time?"

She shook her head without replying, and, making a sign that she was not to be questioned or interrupted, she nestled down at the foot of the fig-tree, and began to draw.

The old man now drew near me, and proceeded to give me further details of her strange temper and ways. I could mark that throughout all he said a tone of intense anxiety and care prevailed, and that he felt her disposition was exactly that which exposed her to the greatest perils for her future. There was a young artist who used to follow her through all the South Tyrol, affecting to be madly in love with her, but of whose sincerity and honor Väterchen professed to have great misgivings. He gave her lessons in drawing, and, what was less to be liked, he made several studies of herself. "The artless way," said the old man, "she would come and repeat to me all his raptures about her, was at first a sort of comfort to me. I felt reassured by her confidence, and also by the little impression his praises seemed to make, but I saw later on that I was mistaken. She grew each day more covetous of these flatteries, and it was no longer laughingly, but in earnest seriousness she would tell me that the 'Fornarina' in some gallery had not such eyes as hers, and that some great statue that all the world admired was far inferior to her in shape. If I had dared to rebuke her vanity, or to ridicule her pretensions, all my influence would have been gone forever. She would have left us, gone who knows whither, and been lost, so that I had nothing for it but to seem to credit all she said and yet hold the matter lightly, and I said beauty has no value except when associated with rank and station. If queens and princesses be handsome, they are more fitted to adorn this high estate, but for humble folk it is as great a mockery as these tinsel gems we wear in the circus.

"'Max says not,' said she to me one evening, after one of my usual lectures. 'Max says there are queens would give their coronets to have my hair, ay, or even one of the dimples in my cheek.'

"'Max is a villain,' said I, before I could control my words.

"'Max is a vero signor!' said she, haughtily, 'and not like one of us; and more, too, I'll go and tell him what you have called him.' She bounded away from me at this, and I saw her no more till nightfall.

"'What has happened to you, poor child?' said I, as I saw her lying on the floor of her room, her forehead bleeding, and her dress all draggled and torn. She would not speak to me for a long while, but by much entreating and caressing I won upon her to tell me what had befallen her. She had gone to the top of the 'Glucksberg' and thrown herself down. It was a fearful height, and only was she saved by being caught by the brambles and tangled foliage of the cliff; and all this for 'one harsh word of mine,' she said. But I knew better; the struggle was deeper in her heart than she was aware of, and Max had gone suddenly away, and we saw no more of him."

"Did she grieve after him?"

"I scarcely can say she did. She fretted, but I think it was for her own loneliness and the want of that daily flattery she had grown so fond of. She became overbearing, and even insolent, too, with all her equals, and though for many a day she had been the spoiled child of the troop, many began to weary of her waywardness. I don't know how all this might have turned out, when, just as suddenly, she changed and became every thing that she used to be."

When the old man had got thus far the girl arose, and, without saying a word, laid the slate before us. Väterchen, not very quick-sighted, could not at once understand the picture, but I caught it at once, and laughed immoderately. She had taken the scene where I had presented Väterchen and herself to the ladies at the tea-table, and with an intense humor sketched all the varying emotions of the incident. The offended dignity of the old lady, the surprise and mortification of Miss Herbert, and my own unconscious pretension as I pointed to the "friends" who accompanied me, were drawn with the spirit of high caricature. Nor did she spare Väterchen or herself; they were drawn, perhaps, with a more exaggerated satire than all the rest.

The old man no sooner comprehended the subject than he drew his hand across it, and turned to her with words of anger and reproach. I meant, of course, to interfere in her behalf, but it was needless; she fled, laughing, into the garden, and before many minutes were over we heard her merry voice, with the tinkle of a guitar to assist it.

"There it is," said Väterchen, moodily. "What are you to do with a temperament like that?"

That was a question I was in no wise prepared to answer. Tintenfleck's temperament seemed to be the very converse of my own. *I* was over-eager to plan out every thing in life. *She* appeared to be just as impulsively bent on risking all. *My* head was always calculating eventualities; *hers*, it struck me, never worried itself about difficulties till in the midst of them. Now, Jean Paul tells us that when a man detects any exaggerated bias in his character, instead of endeavoring, by daily watching, to correct it, he will be far more successful if he ally himself with some one of a diametrically opposite humor. If he be rash, for instance, let him seek companionship with the sluggish. If his tendency bear to over-imagination, let him frequent the society of realists. Why, therefore, should not I and Tintenfleck be mutually beneficial? Take the two different kinds of wood in a bow: one will supply resistance, the other flexibility. It was a pleasant notion, and I resolved to test it.

"Väterchen," said I, "call me to-morrow, when you get ready for the road. I will keep you company as far as Constance."

"Ah, Sir," said he, with a sigh, "you will be well weary of us before half the journey is over; but you shall be obeyed."

CHAPTER XXXII.

NEXT morning, just as day was breaking, we set out on foot on our road to Constance. There was a pinkish-gray streak of light on the horizon, sure sign of a fine day, and the bright stars twinkled still in the clear half-sombre sky, and all was calm and noiseless—nothing to be heard but the tramp of our own feet on the hard causeway.

With the cowardly caution of one who feels the water with his foot before he springs in to swim, I was glad that I made my first experiences of companionship with these humble friends while it was yet dark and none could see us. The old leaven of snobbery was unsubdued in my heart, and as I turned to look at poor old Väterchen, and then at the tinsel finery of Catinka, I bethought me of the little consideration the world extends to such as these and their belongings. "Vagabonds all!" would say some rich banker, as he rolled by in his massive traveling-carriage, creaking with imperials and jingling with bells; "Vagabonds all!" would mutter the Jew peddler as he looked down from the banquette of the diligence. How slight is the sympathy of the realist for the poor creature whose life-labor is to please! How prone to regard him as useless, or, even worse, forgetting the while how a wiser than he has made many things in this beautiful world of ours that they should merely minister to enjoyment, gladden the eye and ear, and make our pilgrimage less weary! Where would be the crimson jay? where the scarlet bustard? where the gorgeous peacock, with the nosegay on his tail? where the rose, and the honey-suckle, and the purple foxglove, mingling with the wild thorns in our hedgerows, if the universe were of *their* creation, and this great globe but one big workshop? You never insist that the daisy and the daffodil should be pot-herbs; and why are there not to be wild flowers in humanity as in the fields? Is it not a great pride to you who live under a bell-glass, nurtured and cared for, and with your name attached to a cleft-stick at your side—is it not a great pride to know that you are not like one of us poor dog-roses? Be satisfied, then, with that glory; we only ask to live! Shame on me for that "only!" As if there could be any thing more delightful than life. Life, with all its capacities for love, and friendship, and heroism, and self-devotion, for generous actions and noble aspirations! Life to feel life; to know that we are in a sphere specially constructed for the exercise of our senses and the play of our faculties: free to choose the road we would take, and with a glorious reward if our choice be the right one!

"'Vagabonds!' Yes," thought I, "there was once on a time such a vagabond, and he strolled along from village to village making of his flute a livelihood; a poor performer, too, he tells us he was, but he could touch the hearts of these simple villagers with his tones as he could move the hearts of thousands more learned than they with his marvelous pathos, and this vagabond was called Oliver Goldsmith." I have no words to say the ecstasy this thought gave me. Many a proud traveler doubtless swept past the poor wayfarer as he went, dusty and footsore, and who was, nevertheless, journeying onward to a great immortality; to be a name remembered with blessings by generations when the haughty man that scorned him was forgotten forever. "And so now," thought I, "some splendid Russian or some Saxon Crœsus will crash by and not be conscious that the thin and weary-looking youth, with the girl's bundle on his stick and the red umbrella under his arm, that this is Potts! Ay, Sir, you fancy that to be threadbare and footsore is to be vulgar-minded and ignoble, and you never so much as suspect that the heart inside that poor plaid waistcoat is throbbing with ambitions high as a Kaiser's, and that the brain within that battered Jim Crow is the realm of thoughts profound as Bacon's and high-soaring as Milton's."

If I make my reader a sharer in these musings of mine, it is because they occupied me for some miles of the way. Väterchen was not talkative, and loved to smoke on uninterruptedly. I fancy that, in his way, he was as great a dreamer as myself. Catinka would have talked incessantly if any one had listened, or could understand her. As it was, she recited legends and sang songs for herself, as happy as ever a blackbird was to listen to his own melody; and though I paid no especial attention to her music, still did the sounds float through all my thoughts, bathing them with a soothing flood; just as the air we breathe is often loaded with a sweet and perfumed breath, that steals into our blood ere we know it. On the whole, we journeyed along very pleasantly, and what between the fresh morning air, the brisk exercise, and the novelty of the situation, I felt in a train of spirits that made me delighted with every thing. "This, after all," thought I, "is more like the original plan I sketched out for myself. This is the true mode to see life and the world. The student of Nature never begins his studies with the more complicated organizations; he sets out with what is simplest in structure, and least intricate in function; he begins with the extreme link of the chain: so, too, I start with the investigation of those whose lives of petty cares and small ambitions must render easy of appreciation. This poor Mollusca Väterchen, for instance. To see is to know him; and the girl, how absurd to connect such a guileless child of nature as that with these stereotyped notions of feminine craft and subtlety!" I then went on to imagine such future biographer of mine engaged on this portion of my life, puzzled for materials, puzzled, still more, to catch the clew to my meaning in it. "At this time," will he say, "Potts, by one of those strange caprices which often were the mainspring of his actions, resolved to lead a gipsy life. His ardent love of nature, his heartfelt enjoyment of scenery, and, more than even these, a certain breadth and generosity of character, disposed him to sympathize with those who have few to pity and fewer to succor them. With these wild children of the roadside he lived for months, joyfully sharing the burdens they carried, and taking his part in their privations. It was here he first met Catinka." I stopped at this sentence, and slowly repeated to myself, "'It was here he first met Catinka!' What will he have next to record?" thought I. "Is Potts now to claim sympathy as the victim of a passion that regarded not station, nor class, nor fortune; that despised the cold conventionalities of a selfish world, and asked only a heart for a heart? Is he to be remembered as the faithful believer in his own theory—Love, above all? Are we to hear of him clasping rapturously to his bosom the poor forlorn girl?" So intensely were my feelings engaged in my speculations, that, at this critical pass, I threw my arms around Catinka's neck and kissed her. A rebuke, not very cruel, not in the least angry or peevish, brought me quickly to myself, and as Väterchen was fortunately in front and saw nothing of what passed, I speedily made my peace. I do not know how it happened, but in that same peace-making I had passed my arm round her waist and there it remained—an army of occupation after the treaty was signed—and we went along, side by side, very amicably—very happily.

We are often told that a small competence—the just enough to live on—is the bane of all enterprise; that men thus placed are removed from the stimulus of necessity, and yet not lifted into the higher atmosphere of ambitions. Exactly in the same way do I believe that equality is the grave of love. The passion thrives on difficulty, and requires sacrifice. You must bid defiance to mankind as your choice, or you are a mere fortune-hunter. Show the world the blushing peasant girl you have made your wife, and say, "Yes, I have had courage to do this." Or else strive for a princess—a Russian princess. Better, far better, however, the humble-hearted child of nature and the fields, the simple, trusting, confiding girl, who regarded her lover as a sort of demi-god, would, while she clung to him—

"You pressed me so hard!" murmured Catinka, half rebukingly, but with a sort of pouting expression that became her marvelously.

"I was thinking of something that interested me, dearest," said I; but I'm not sure that I made my meaning very clear to her, and yet there was a roguish look in her black eye that puzzled me greatly. I began to like her, or, if you prefer the phrase, to fall in love with her. I knew it—I felt it just the way that a man who has once had the ague never mistakes when he is going to have a return of the fever. In the same way exactly did I recognize all the premonitory symptoms; the giddiness, the shivering, increased action of the heart——Halt, Potts! and reflect a bit; are you describing love, or a tertian?

How will the biographer conduct himself here? Whether will he have to say, "Potts resisted manfully this fatal attachment: had he yielded to the seductions of this early passion, it is more than probable we should never have seen him this, that, and t'other, nor would the world have been enriched with—Heaven knows what;" or shall he record, "Potts loved her, loved her as only such a nature as his ever loves? He felt keenly all that, in a mere worldly point of view, he must sacrifice; but it was exactly in that love and that sacrifice was born the poet, the wondrous child of song, who has given us the most glorious lyrics of our language. He had the manliness to share his fortune with this poor girl. 'It was,' he tells us himself, in one of those little touching passages in his diary, which place him immeasurably above the mock sentimentality of Jean-Jacques—'it was on the road to Constance, of a bright and breezy summer morning, that I told her of my love. We were walking along, our arms around each other, as might two happy, guileless children. I was very young in what is called the world, but I had a boundless confidence in myself: my theory was, "If I be strengthened by the deep devotion of one loving heart, I have no fears of failure." Beautiful words, and worthy of all memory! And then he goes on: 'I drew her gently over to a grassy bench on the roadside, and taking my purse from my pocket, poured out before her its humble contents, in all something less than twenty sovereigns, but to her eyes a very Pactolus of wealth.'"

"What if I were to try this experiment?" thought I; "what if I were, so to say, to anticipate my own biography?" The notion pleased me much. There was something novel in it, too. It was making the experiment in the "corpore vile" of accident, to see what might come of it.

"Come here, Catinka," said I, pointing to a moss-covered rock at the roadside, with a little well at its base—"come here, and let me have a drink of this nice clear water."

She assented with a smile and a nod, detaching at the same time a little cup from the flask which she wore at her side, in vivandière fashion. "And we'll fill my flask, too," said she, showing that it was empty, with a sort of childish glee. She now knelt beside the stream, and washed the cup. What is it, I wonder, that gives the charm to running water, and imparts a sort of glad feeling to its contemplation? Is it that its ceaseless flow suggests that "forever" which contrasts so powerfully with all short-lived pleasures? I can not tell, but I was still musing over the difficulty, when, having twice offered me the cup without my noticing it, she at last raised it to my lips. And I drank—oh, what a draught it was! so clear, so cold, so pure; and all the time my eyes were resting on hers, looking, as it were, into another well, the deepest and most unfathomable of all.

"Sit down here beside me on this stone, Catinka, and help me to count these pieces of money; they have got so mangled together that I scarcely know what is left me." She seemed delighted with the project, and sat down at once, and I, throwing myself at her feet, poured the contents of my purse into her lap.

"Madonna mia!" was all she could utter, as she beheld the gold. Aladdin in the cave never felt a more overwhelming rapture than did she at sight of these immense riches. "But where did it come from?" cried she, wildly. "Have you got mines of gold and silver? Have you got gems, too—rubies and pearls! Oh, say if there be pearls; I love them so! And are you really a great prince, the son of a king; and are you wandering the world this way to seek adventures, or in search, mayhap, of that lovely princess you are in love with?" With wildest impetuosity she asked these and a hundred other questions, for it was only now and then that I could trace her meaning, which expressive pantomime did much to explain.

I tried to convince her that what she deemed a treasure was a mere pittance, which a week or two would exhaust; that I was no prince, nor had I a kingly father; "and last of all," said I, "I am not in pursuit of a princess. But I'll tell you what I am in search of, Catinka: one trusting, faithful, loving heart; one that will so unite itself to mine as to have no joys, or sorrows, or cares, but mine; one content to go wherever I go, live however I live, and no matter what my faults may be, or how meanly others think of me, will ever regard me with eyes of love and devotion."

I had held her hand while I uttered this, gazing up into her eyes with ecstasy, for I saw how their liquid depth appeared to move as though about to overflow, when at last she spoke, and said,

"And there are no pearls!"

"Poor child!" thought I, "she can not understand one word I have been saying. Listen to me, Catinka," said I, with a slow utterance. "Would you give me your heart for all this treasure?"

"Si, si!" cried she, eagerly.

"And love me always—forever?"

"Si," said she, again; but I fancied with less of energy than before.

"And when it was spent and gone, and nothing remaining of it, what would you do?"

"Send you to gather more, mio caro," said she, pressing my hand to her lips, as though in earnest of the blandishments she would bestow upon me.

Now, I can not affect to say that all this was very reassuring. This poor simple child of the mountains showed a spirit as sordid and as calculating as though she were baptized in May-Fair. It was a terrible shock to me to see this; a dire overthrow to a very fine edifice that I was just putting the roof on! "Would Kate Herbert have made me such a speech?" thought I. "Would she have declared herself so venal and so worldly?—and why not? May it not be, perhaps, simply, that a mere question of good-breeding, the usages of a polite world, might have made all the difference, and that she would have felt what poor Catinka felt and owned to. If this were true, the advantages were all on the side of sincerity. With honesty as the basis, what may not one build up of character? Where there is candor there are at least no disappointments. This poor simple child, untutored in the wiles of a scheming world, where all is false, unreal, and deceptive, has the courage to say that her heart can be bought. She is ready in her innocence, too, to sell it, just as the Indians sell a great territory for a few glass beads or bright buttons. And why should not I make the acquisition in the very spirit of a new settler? It was I discovered this lone island of the sea; it was I first landed on this unknown shore; why not claim a sovereignty so cheaply established?" I put the question arithmetically before me: Given, a young girl, totally new to life and its seductions, deeply impressed with the value of wealth, to find the measure of venality in a well brought-up young lady, educated at Clapham, and finished at Boulogne-sur-Mer. I expressed it thus: $D-y=T+x$, or an unknown quantity.

"What strange marks are you drawing there?" cried she, as I made these figures on the slate.

"A caprice," said I, in some confusion.

"No," said she; "I know better. It was a charm. Tell truth—it was a charm."

"A charm, dearest; but for what?"

"*I* know," said she, shaking her head and laughing, with a sort of wicked drollery.

"*You* know! Impossible, child."

"Yes," she said, with great gravity, while she swept her hand across the slate and erased all the figures. "Yes, *I* know, and I'll not permit it."

"But what, in Heaven's name, is trotting through your head, Catinka? You have not the vaguest idea of what those signs meant."

"Yes," she said, even more solemnly than before. "I know it all. You mean to steal away my heart in spite of me, and you are going to do it with a charm."

"And what success shall I have, Catinka?"

"Oh, do not ask me," said she, in a tone of touching misery. "I feel it very very sore here." And she pressed her hand to her side. "Ah me," sighed she, "if there were only pearls!"

The ecstasy her first few words gave me was terribly routed by this vile conclusion, and I started up abruptly, and, in an angry voice, said, "Let us go on; Väterchen will fear we are lost."

"And all this gold, what shall I do with it?" cried she.

"What you will. Throw it into the well if you like," said I, angrily; for in good sooth I was out of temper with her, and myself, and all mankind.

"Nay," said she, mildly, "it is yours; but I will carry it for you if it weary you."

I might have felt rebuked by the submissive gentleness of her words; indeed, I know not how it was that they did not so move me, and I walked on in front of her, heedless of her entreaties that I should wait till she came up beside me.

When she did join me she wanted to talk immensely. She had all manner of questions to ask about where my treasure came from; how often I went back there to replenish it; was I quite sure that it could never, never be exhausted, and such like. But I was in no gracious mood for such inquiries, and telling her that I wished to follow my own thoughts without interruption, I walked along in silence.

I can not tell the weight I felt at my heart. I am not speaking figuratively. No; it was exactly as though a great mass of heavy metal filled my chest, forced out my ribs, and pressed down my diaphragm; and though I held my hands to my sides with all my force, the pressure still remained.

"What a bitter mockery it is," thought I, "if the only false thing in all the world should be the human heart! There are diamonds that will resist fire, gold that will stand the crucible; but the moment you come to man and his affections, all is hollow and illusory!"

Why do we give the name worldliness to traits of selfish advancement and sordid gain, when a young creature like this, estranged from all the commerce of mankind, who knows nothing of that bargain-and-barter system which we call civilization, reared and nurtured like a young fawn in her native woods, should, as though by a very instinct of corruption, have a heart as venal as any hackneyed beauty of three London seasons?

Let no man tell me now that it is our vicious system of female training, our false social organization, our spurious morality, laxity of family ties, and the rest of it. I am firmly persuaded that a young squaw of the Choctaws has as many anxieties about her "parti" as any belle of Belgravia, even though the settlements be only paid in sharks' teeth and human toupees.

And what an absurdity is our whole code on this subject! A man is actually expected to court, solicit, and even worship the object that he is after all called upon to pay for. You do not smirk at the salmon in your fishmonger's window, or ogle the lamb at your butcher's; you go in boldly and say, "How much the pound?" If you sighed outside for a week you'd get it never the cheaper. Why not, then, make an honest market of what is so salable? What a saving of time to know that the splendid creature yonder, with the queenly air, can only be had at ten thousand a year, but that the spicy article with the black ringlets will go for two! Instead of all the heart-burnings and blank disappointments we see now, we should have a practical, contented generation; and in the same spirit that a man of moderate fortune turns away from the seductions of turtle and white-bait, while he orders home his mutton-chop, he would avert his gaze from beauty, and fix his affections on the dumpy woman that can be "got a bargain."

Why did not the poet say, Venality, thy name is woman? It would suit the prosody as well, and the purpose better. The Turks are our masters in all this; they are centuries—whole centuries in advance of us. How I wish some Babbage would make a calculation of the hours, weeks, years, centuries of time, are lost in what is called love-making. Time, we are told, is money; and here, at once, is the fund to pay off our national debt. Take the "time that's lost in wooing" by a nation, say of twenty-eight or thirty millions, and at the cheapest rate of labor—take the prison rate if you like—and see if I be not right. Let the population who now heave sighs pound oyster-shells, let those who pick quarrels pick oakum, and we need no income-tax!

"I'll not sing any more," broke in Catinka. "I don't think you have been listening to me."

"Listening to you!" said I, contemptuously; "certainly not. When I want a siren, I take a pit ticket and go to the Opera; seven-and-sixpence is the price of Circe, and dear at the money." With this rude rebuff I waved her off, and walked along once more alone.

At a sudden bend of the road we found Väterchen seated under a tree waiting for us, and evidently not a little uneasy at our long absence.

"What is this?" said he, angrily, to Catinka. "Why have you remained so long behind?"

"We sat down to rest at a well," said she, "and then he took out a great bag of money to count, and there was so much in it, so many pieces of bright gold, that one could not help turning them over and over, and gazing at them."

"And worshiping them too, girl!" cried he, indignantly, while he turned on me a look of sorrow and reproach. I returned his stare haughtily, and he arose and drew me to one side.

"Am I, then, once more mistaken in my judgment of men? Have *you*, too, duped me?" said he, in a voice that shook with agitation. "Was it for this you offered us the solace of your companionship? Was it for this you condescended to journey with us, and deigned to be our host and entertainer?"

The appeal came at an evil moment: a vile, contemptible skepticism was at work within me. The rasp and the file of Doubt were eating away at my heart, and I deemed "all men liars."

"And is it to me—Potts—you address such words as these, you consummate old humbug? What is there about me that denotes dupe or fool?"

The old man shook his head, and made a gesture to imply he had not understood me; and now I remembered that I had uttered this rude speech in English, and not in German. With the memory of this fact came also the consciousness of its cruel meaning. What if I should have wronged him? What if the poor old fellow be honest and upright? What if he be really striving to keep this girl in the path of virtue? I came close to him, and fixed my eyes steadfastly on his face. He looked at me fearlessly, as an honest man might look. He never tried to turn away, nor did he make the slightest effort to evade me. He seemed to understand all the import of my scrutiny, for he said at last,

"Well, are you satisfied?"

"I am, Väterchen," said I, "fully satisfied. Let us be friends." And I took his hand and shook it heartily.

"You think me honest?" asked he.

"I do think so."

"And I am not more honest than she is. No," said he, resolutely, "Tintenfleck is true-hearted."

"What of *me?*" cried she, coming up and leaning her arm on the old man's shoulder—"what of *me?*"

"I have said that you are honest, and would not deceive!"

"Not *you*, Väterchen—not *you*," said she, kissing him. And then, as she turned away, she gave me a look so full of meaning, and so strange withal, that if I were to speak for an hour I could not explain it. It seemed to mean sorrow and reproach and wounded pride, with a dash of pity, and, above all and every thing, defiance: ay, that was its chief character, and I believe I winced under it.

"Let us step out briskly," said Väterchen. "Constance is a good eleven miles off yet."

"He looks tired already," said she, with a glance at me.

"I? I'm as fresh as when I started," said I. And I made an effort to appear brisk and lively, which only ended in making them laugh heartily.

THE FAMILY AT FENHOUSE.

I WAS to be a governess; but I could not obtain a situation. My poor mother had been insane for many years before her death; one of my brothers was deaf and dumb, another was deformed, while none of us showed either health or vigor. In a word, there was no escaping the fact that we had the seeds of some terrible disease sown thickly among us, and that, as a family, we were unhealthy and unsafe. I was the eldest and the strongest, both in mind and body, but that was not saying much. I was always what I am now, tall and gaunt, with the spasmodic affection which you see in my face, as nervous as I am now, and nearly as thin; short-sighted, which made my manners doubly awkward, and they would always have been awkward from my nervousness and ungainly figure; and with an unnaturally acute hearing, often followed by attacks of unconsciousness, which sometimes lasted many hours, and rendered me, for the time, dead to all outward life.

Unpromising as our family condition was, when my father died and left us destitute, it was absolutely necessary that those of us at all capable should get something to do, and that the rest should be cared for by charity. The last we found more easy to be accomplished than the first. Many kind hands were stretched forward to help the helpless of us, but few to strengthen the weak. However, after a time, they were all settled in some way or other, and were at least secured from starvation, while I, who had been considered the most hopeful, was still unprovided for, looking vainly for a situation either as governess or companion. Both were equally difficult to procure. On the one side my manners and appearance were against me; on the other, my family history. As I could not deny my inheritance of disease and insanity, mothers, naturally enough, would not trust me with their children, and I was not sufficiently attractive for a companion. People who can afford companions want something pliant, bright, animated, pleasant. No one would look at my unlovely face, or hear the harsh tones of my voice—I know how harsh they are—and pay me to be an ornament or pleasure to their lives. So, as I tell you, I was refused by every one, until I began to despair of success, and without blaming any, to understand that the world was too hard for me, and that I had no portion in it.

As my last venture, I answered an advertisement in the *Times* for a companion to a lady in delicate health, living in the country. My letter was replied to in a bold manly hand, and a meeting arranged. I was to go down that next day by train to a place about twenty miles from London, and find my way from a certain railway station named, two miles across the country—conveyances not to be had—to a village called Fenhouse Green. A mile farther would bring me to Fenhouse itself, "the seat of Mr. and Mrs. Brand." The note was couched in a curiously sharp, peremptory style, and pompously worded. I remember, too, that it was written on a broad sheet of coarse letter-paper, and sealed with what looked at first sight to be a large coat of arms, but which, when examined, proved to be only a make-believe. With my habit of making up histories out of every incident that came before me, I decided that the writer was a military man, wealthy and high-born, and that, about to leave on foreign service, he wished to place his young and beautiful wife in careful hands, so as to insure her pleasant companionship during his absence. I made quite a romance out of that peremptory letter with its broad margin and imposing seal.

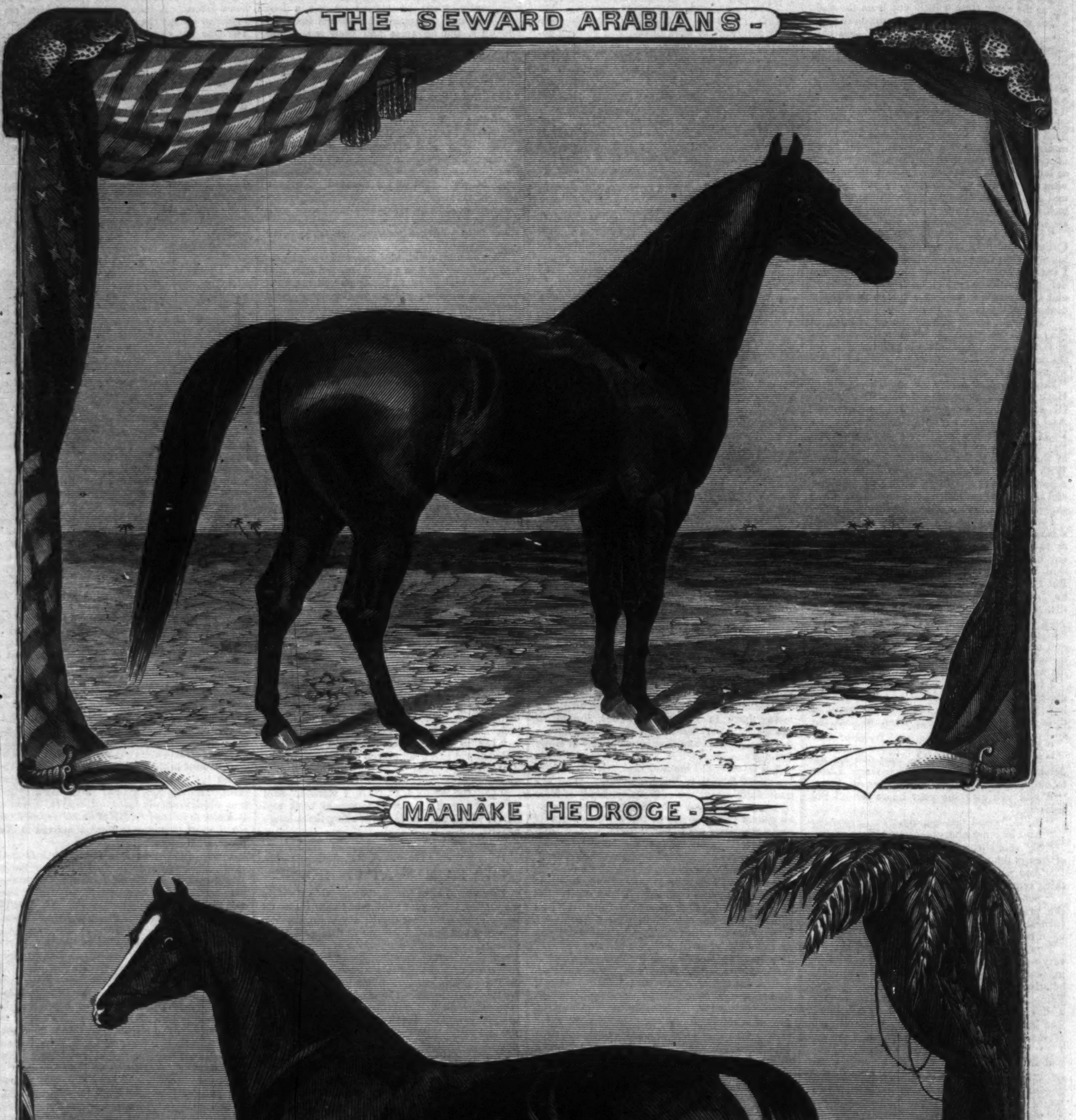
"They will never take me when they have seen me!" I sighed, as I settled myself in the third-class carriage, which I shared with three soldiers' wives and a couple of Irish laborers, and I wished that I could have exchanged my fate and person with the meanest among them. Though they were poor, they were not under a curse, as I was; though man had not uplifted them, Fortune had not crushed them as she had crushed me. I was weeping bitterly behind my vail, overpowered with my own sadness and despair, and almost decided on not going farther to meet only with fresh disappointment, when the train stopped at my station, and I let myself drift down the tide of circumstance, and once more dared my chance.

Asking my way to Fenhouse Green, much to the astonishment, apparently, of the solitary station-master, I struck into a rugged by-road, which he said would take me there. The two miles' walk seemed as if it would never end. The road was lonely, and the country desolate, ugly, and monotonous; nothing but a broad ragged waste, without a tree or an autumn flower to break the dead dreariness of the scene. I did not meet a living creature until I came to an unwholesome-looking collection of cottages, covered with foul eruptions of fungi and mildew starting out like a leprosy upon the walls. Where the village green should have been was a swamp, matted with confervæ. It was a place to remember in one's dreams, from the neglect and desolation, the hopeless poverty and feverish squalor of all about.

If this was the village of which the writer had spoken so pompously as his property, and of which I had imagined all that was charming and picturesque, it did not argue much for what had to come; and I began to feel that I had painted too brightly, and perhaps had ranked my chance too low. The place frightened me. I went through, glad to escape the stupid wonder of the pallid women and children who came crowding to the doors as though a stranger were a rare and not too welcome sight among them. Indeed, some seemed to have a kind of warning terror in their looks when they pointed in the direction of the House, as they called it; and one old witch, lifting her stick, cried, "Surely, surely, not there belike!" in a tone which froze my blood. However, it was too late now to recede; so, full of an indescribable terror, I went on my way until I arrived at Fenhouse, where my future was to lie.

It was a lonely house, standing back from the road, completely shut in, in front, by a tangled shrubbery; while at the rear stretched a close, dark wood, with a trailing undergrowth of briers and thorns. The gate hung broken, supported by one hinge only; the garden was a mass of weeds and rubbish; the flower-beds overgrown with grass and nettles; and what had once been rose-trees and flowering shrubs, left to wither and die, stifled by bindweed and coarser growths. The house was of moderate size, two-storied, and roomy, but so neglected and uncared for, that it looked more bleakly desolate than any thing I had ever seen before. My dream of the young and beautiful wife had vanished, and I felt as if about to be ushered into the presence of some fantastic horror or deadly crime. The wet leaves plashed beneath my feet, and sent up their clouds of autumn odor—the odor of death; unsightly insects and loathsome reptiles glided before me with a strange familiarity, which rendered them yet more loathly; not a bird twittered through the naked branches of the trees. The whole place had a wild, weird, haunted look; and, shivering with dread at I knew not what, I rang the rusty bell, hanging lonely out of the chipped and broken socket. The peal startled me, and brought out a small terrier, which came running round me, barking furiously and shrilly. The door was opened by a ragged, slip-shod servant-girl, and I was shown into a poorly-furnished room, which seemed to be a kind of library; to judge, at least, by the open book-case, thinly stocked with shabby books. The room was close and musty; the fire in the grate was heaped up carefully toward the middle, and the sides blocked in by bricks. It was a mean fire—a stingy, shabby fire.

After waiting for some time, a gentleman and lady came in. She was a pale, weak, hopeless-looking woman; very tall, fair, and slender, with a narrow forehead, lustreless light-blue eyes, with no eyelashes, scanty hair, straw-colored, ill-defined eyebrows, and very thin, pale lips. She was slightly deformed, and carried her arms thrust far back from the elbow, the hands left to dangle nervelessly from the wrists. She stooped, and was dressed in a limp, faded cotton gown, every way too scanty and too cold for the season. When she came in her eyes were bent toward the soiled gray carpet, and she never raised them, or made the least kind of salutation, but sat down on a chair near the window, and began to unravel a strip of muslin. The gentleman was short and thick-set, very active and determined-looking, with dark hair turning now to gray, a thick but evenly-cut mustache, joining his bushy whiskers, the large, square, heavy chin left bare; overhanging eyebrows, with small, restless, passionate eyes be-


THE SEWARD ARABIANS -
MÄANÄKE HEDROGE -
SIKLAUY - GIDRAN.

SENATOR SEWARD'S ARABIAN HORSES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

neath: in his whole face and bearing an expression of temper amounting to ferocity.

He spoke to me peremptorily and haughtily; asked me my name, age, family condition, previous history, as if he had been examining me on oath, scarcely waiting for my answers, and all the while fixing me with those small angry eyes till I felt dazed and restless, as creatures under torture. Then he said, abruptly:

"You have a strange look—a scared look, I may call it. How have you come by it?"

"I am of a nervous temperament, Sir," I answered, pulling at the ends of my gloves.

"Nothing else? Nothing hereditary?"

"Yes, Sir," said I, as steadily as I could. "there is hereditary misfortune among us."

"Father or mother?"

"Mother."

"Ah!" said the man, rubbing his mustache, and looking at me with eyes all aflame; "so much the nearer and more dangerous."

"I am not dangerous," I said, a little too humbly, perhaps; but that man was completely subduing me. "I am nervous, but I have no worse tendency."

He laughed.

"Perhaps not," he said, with a sneer that made my blood curdle; "no one ever has. Don't you know that all maniacs are philosophers, when they are not kings and queens? Shall I take you on trust, then, according to your own estimate of yourself, or discharge you at once, according to mine?"

"I think I may be trusted, Sir," I answered, looking every where but into his face.

"What do you think, Mrs. Brand?" he said, turning to the pale woman unraveling her strip of muslin, and who had not, as I thought, looked at me once yet.

"She is ugly," said she, in a dull, monotonous voice; "I don't like ugly people."

Mr. Brand laughed again.

"Never mind that, Mrs. Brand; goodness don't go by looks, does it, Miss—Miss what? Are you a name or a number?"

"Miss Erfurt."

"Oh, yes! I forgot—Jane Erfurt—I remember now; and a queer name it is, too. Does it, Miss Jane Erfurt?"

"Not always, Sir," I said, moving restlessly.

"Well, Mrs. Brand, what do you say?"

"She is ugly, and George will not like her," said the lady, in the same half-alive manner.

"Who the deuce cares!" shouted Mr. Brand, flaming with passion on the instant. "Let him like it or not, who cares for a stupid fool, or for what he thinks? *That* for his liking!" snapping his fingers insolently.

The lady's face grew a shade paler; but beyond a furtive, terrified glance at her husband she took no notice of his words. He then turned abruptly to me, and told me that I was to hold myself engaged to perform the duties of companion to Mrs. Brand, and that I was to enter on those duties early next week.

"But without the lady's consent?" said I, too weak to resist, and too nervous to accept.

She put away her muslin and rose. "Mr. Brand is master here," she said; "do what he tells you: it saves trouble."

The week after I went to Fenhouse as the companion of Mrs. Brand.

The first day's dinner was a strange affair. After we had seated ourselves to what was a very scanty supply, there lounged in a youth of about seventeen: a heavy, full-blooded, lumpish being, with a face devoid of intelligence, but more animal than imbecile; not specially good-tempered, but not vicious—a mere idle, eating and drinking clown, scarcely raised above the level of a dog or a horse, and without even their instinctive emotions. What an unwholesome, unnatural circle we made! I longed for a little healthy life among us, and turned with a feeling of envy and relief to the commonplace servant-maid, who, if not intellectual, was at the least more in accord with pure ordinary life than we.

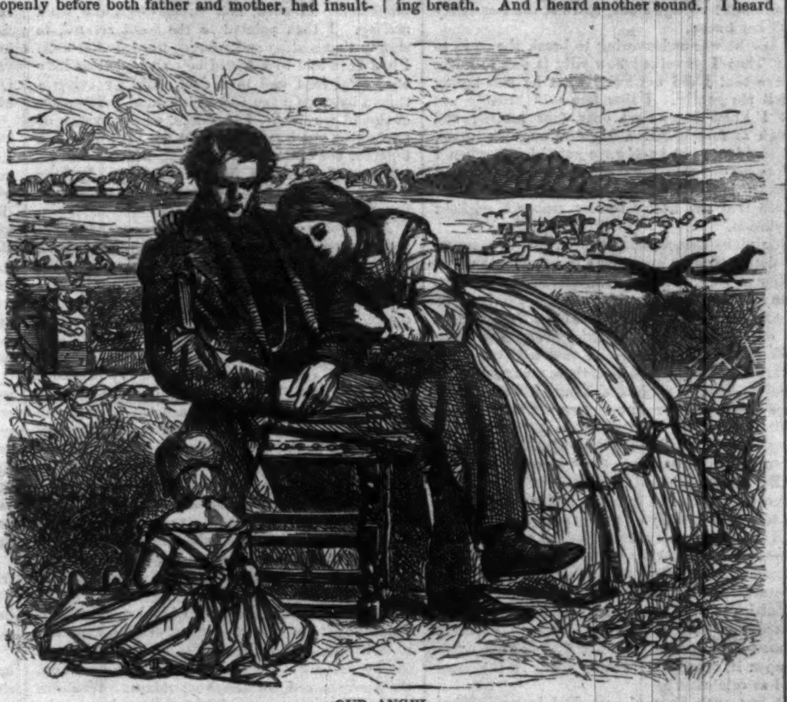
There was ill-blood between Mr. Brand and Master George, as the boy was called; and I soon understood why. His mother's only son by a former marriage, and heir of the neglected lands lying round Fenhouse, he stood in the way of his step-father, whose influence over his wife was supreme, and who, but for the boy, would have absolute possession of every thing. He had married for money, and had been balked of half his prize. I used often to wonder that the two were not afraid to trust themselves in the hands of one so passionate and unscrupulous; but though Mrs. Brand was undisguisedly afraid of her husband, and the boy was not too stupid to understand that he was hated, and why, neither seemed to look forward to evil days. I do not think that they had mind enough to look to the future in hope or dread. Mother and son loved each other, with the mute instinctive love of dumb animals—a love in which both would be helpless to save if bad times came. They were not much together, and they seldom spoke when they met; but they sat close to each other, always in the same place and on the same chairs, and Mrs. Brand unraveled her eternal slips of muslin, while her son gathered up the threads and thrust them into a canvas bag.

I had been there a fortnight, and I never saw either of them employed in any thing else; and I never heard half a dozen words pass between them. It was a silent house at all times; and, more than this, it was a house full of hate. Save this dumb-animal kind of love between the two, not a ray of even kindly feeling existed among any of us. The servant was the mark for every one's ill-temper, while I stood out as a kind of pariah among them all, not even dignified by active dislike. I was shunned, and could not understand why I was there at all. The lady never spoke to me—not even to say good-morning; she gave me no duties, but she forbade me no employment. I was free to do what I liked, provided I did not make my existence too manifest to her, and did not speak to her husband or Master George. If by chance any thing like a conversation began—for Mr. Brand had his talkative moods in a violent, angry kind of way—she used to order me out of the room in just the same tone as she used to speak to the dog. If I remonstrated, as I did once, her only answer was, "You can go if you like; *I* did not hire you."

One thing especially troubled me. It troubled me because, like all morbidly imaginative people, any thing of a mystery terrified me more than an open danger; and this, of which I am going to speak, was a mystery. The boy took no notice of me at the first. He never spoke to me when he came into the room; he passed me in the fields as if he did not see me; indeed, he had always that manner to me—he did not see me—I did not exist for him. I was well content that this should be; but after I had been there a short time Mr. Brand began to make distinct mischief between us. From brutish indifference Master George passed rapidly to brutish aggression. When he met me in the lanes and fields he made mouths at me, and once he flung stones and mud as I passed him; at table he would kick me silently, and whenever I caught his eye he made hideous grimaces, muttering in his broad, provincial accent, "Mad dog! mad dog! We hang mad dogs hereaway!" His insolence and brutality increased daily, and Mr. Brand encouraged him. This was the mystery. Why should he wish this lad to hate me?

There was a plot underneath it all which I tormented myself to discover. Day and night the thought haunted me, till I felt growing crazed with dread and terror. I could not conceal my abhorrence of the youth—I was too nervous for that—nor hide the fear with which that wicked man inspired me. I was as helpless as the poor pale woman there, and as thoroughly the victim of a stronger fate.

One night Master George had been more than usually intolerable to me. He had struck me openly before both father and mother, had insulted my misfortunes, and spoken with brutal disrespect of my family. It was a wild winter's night, and the howling wind shook the windows and dashed the trailing ivy-leaves sharply against the panes: a fearful night, making all visions of freedom and escape impossible; a night which necessitated one to be content with one's own fireside, and forbade the idea of wandering farther. Yet it was something worse than death to me to be shut up in that mean room, with its squalid furniture and scanty fire, with such companions, and to feel that I could not escape from them—that they might ill-treat me, mock me, persecute me as they would, and I was bound to bear all without protection or means of escape. The stormy night had excited me, and I felt less than ever able to bear all the insolence and brutality heaped upon me. When Master George struck me again, and called me "mad dog," something seemed to take possession of me. My timidity and nervousness vanished, and I felt as if swept away in a very tumult of passion. I do not know now what it was that I said or did, but I remember rising passionately from my place, and pouring out a torrent of bitterness and reproach. I was almost unconscious of what I was doing, for I was literally for the moment insane; but I remember the words, "You shall die! you shall die!" rising like a scream through the room. I have not the slightest recollection of how I left the parlor, nor how I got to my own chamber, but it was past midnight when I awoke from what must have been a kind of swoon, and found myself lying on the floor.



OUR ANGEL.

The wind was still raging, howling through the trees outside, tearing down branches, and scattering the dead leaves like flakes of frozen snow upon the ground. Every door and window shook throughout the old house, and the wild moaning in the chimneys came, startling, like the cries of tortured beings. Confused and giddy, I rose up out of my trance, stiff with cold and scarcely conscious. But as my brain grew clearer it grew also feverish, and I knew there was no rest for me to-night. My hearing began to be distressingly acute, and every painful thought and circumstance of my life rose up before me with the force and vividness of living scenes actually present to my senses. I paced my room for some time in a state of despair, wringing my hands and sobbing violently, but without tears. By degrees a little calmness came to me, and I determined to go down stairs for a book. I would get some quiet, calm, religious book, which would soothe me like a spiritual opiate, and take me out of the abyss of misery into which I had sunk. What friend, indeed, had I in the world save the Great Father above us all?

As I opened the door I fancied I heard a stealthy step along the passage. I held my breath to listen, shading the candle with my hand. I was not deceived; there *was* a step passing furtively over the creaking boards in the direction of Master George's room. I shrank back into the door-way. Yet there was nothing to alarm me. A quiet footfall at midnight might be easily accounted for: why should it affect me with mistrust and dread? and why should I feel this overpowering impulse to go toward the sound? I scarcely knew what I expected to find; but something stronger than myself seemed to impel me to the discovery of something horrible; and placing the candle on the floor, I crept noiselessly along the passage, every nerve strung to its utmost tension.

Master George slept in a room at the end of the back-stairs gallery, which ran at right angles to the passage in which my room was situated. My door faced Mr. and Mrs. Brand's; Master George's faced the kitchen stairs, and was properly the servant's room; but she had been moved to a small closet near to me, Mr. Brand not approving of her holding so large a chamber for herself, neither willing to allow the boy any thing of a better class. When I stood by my door I could see Mr. and Mrs. Brand's room; but it was only by going the whole length of the back-stairs gallery that I could get to Master George's. I could see now, however, that his door was open, for a ray of light fell along the staircase wall, and I could hear his heavy snoring breath. And I heard another sound. I heard a man's step in the room; I heard the boards creak and the bed-clothes softly rustle; I heard an impatient kind of moan as of some one disturbed in his sleep, and then a heavy blow, a stifled groan, a man's deep-drawn breath, and the quick, sharp drip of something spilled upon the floor. Dumb from terror, I stood in the door-way of the boy's room. Pale, heavy, motionless on the bed lay the youth, his large limbs carelessly flung abroad in the unconsciousness of sleep, and his face as calm and quiet as if still dreaming. The sheets were wet with blood—red—the light of the candle glistening upon a small red stream that flowed over the side of the bed, on the floor beneath. At a little distance stood Mr. Brand, wiping a knife on a handkerchief. He turned, and our eyes met. He came up to me with an oath, caught me by the throat, and drew the knife across my hands. I remember no more until I awoke in the broad daylight and found myself in the midst of a crowd gathered round my bed.

Curious eyes stared at me; harsh voices mocked me; rough hands were laid upon me; and I heard myself branded with the burning name of Murderess. Red tracks made by a woman's naked feet—made by *my* feet—led from the boy's room to mine; each track plainly printed on the bare uncarpeted floor—tracks of a woman's feet, and of none other. There was no explaining away these marks and signs of guilt. Who would believe me, a half-mad lonely stranger with such a family history as mine, and, according to popular belief, at any moment liable to make a murderous attack against any one offending? Had not this unhappy youth notoriously offended, and had I not, only that very evening, openly defied and threatened him? Escape was impossible. To all the evidence heaped up against me with such art and cunning I had but an unsupported assertion, which would be set down as maniacal raving, and only deepen the case against me.

All day I lay there; all that weary sobbing winter's day; and when the night came they fastened me with cords and left me once more alone. I was so well secured—bound hand and foot, and triply bound—that it was not thought needful to watch me; and they were all too much excited and overwrought to wish to remain through the night with a lunatic murderer, as I was called. So they went, and Mr. Brand locked the door, saying, as he turned away, "We must have no more such dangerous fits of madness, Miss Erfurt!" with a sneer on the word.

I was too hopeless and desolate to think of any plan of escape, feasible or not. The reaction had set in, and I was content to lie there in quiet, and to feel that I had done with life forever. It had not offered me so many joys that I should grieve to leave it, and for the shame—who cares for shame in the grave? No; I was content to have done with all that had weighed upon me so long and heavily. I had no one to mourn for me, no one to love me, with a broken heart and a sorrowed faith: I was alone—alone—and might well die out at once, and sleep tranquilly in my murdered grave. And I was not unhappy, thinking all these things. Perhaps my brain was slightly paralyzed, so that I could not suffer. However it might be, it was a merciful moment of calm.

It was nearly three o'clock when I heard a light hand upon the door. The key was turned softly in the lock, and, pale and terrible, like an avenging ghost, the poor bereaved mother glided into my room. She came up to my bed and silently unfastened the cords. She said no comforting word, she gave me no kind look, no pitying human touch, but in a strange, weak, wan way, she unbound me limb by limb until I was free.

"Go," she then said, below her breath, still not looking at me. "I do not love you, and *he* did not; but I know that you are innocent, and I do not want your blood on my head. My turn is to come next; but I do not mind, now he has gone. Go at once; that sleep will not last long. I made it come for you."

Without another word she turned from the room, leaving the door open. I got up as she bade me. Without energy, without hope, I quietly dressed myself, and left the house, going forth into the darkness and desolation, more because I had been bidden to do so than to escape a greater peril. I wandered through the by-roads aimlessly, nervelessly; not shaping my course for any goal, but simply going forward to wherever chance might lead me. A poor woman gave me some milk, and I slept, I believe, once beneath a haystack. I remember lying down there, and finding myself again after many hours. In time—I can not tell you how or when, nor how long I had been out in the fields, but it was evening, and the lamps were lighted—I was in London, reading a description of myself posted up against the walls. I saw myself described as a murderess and a maniac, and a reward offered for my apprehension; my dress, my manners, appearance, gait, voice, all were so minutely noted as to render safety impossible. Seized with terror I fled: I fled like a wild being hunted and pursued, and I have never rested since.

MR. SEWARD'S ARABIAN HORSES.

WE publish on page 28 fine portraits of the two Arabian horses presented to Mr. Seward by Ayoub Bey Trabulsky, assistant of the Criminal Court of the Ayalet of Sayda. They are drawn by Mr. T. C. Carpendale, who describes them as follows:

Măanăke is a bay horse, with black legs and feet, fifteen hands high, and seven years old. His extraordinary power of endurance can not be doubted when we look at the immense depth of leg, chest, and shoulder with which he is furnished. The head is somewhat large, the back perfectly straight; while the neck and wither are as strong as that of the bull. On the whole, he is not remarkable for beauty. His best point is the immense length from the hip to the tail, which is greater than we have ever seen in a horse of his size; and to this very important point we beg to call the attention of the horseman. For a better idea of his singular formation we would refer to the drawing from life, which is pronounced an excellent likeness.

Siklauy Gidran is a sorrel colt, with face and feet white, fifteen hands high, and two years and ten months old. He is a noble specimen of the Arabian horse. Beautiful as a statue, fiery as the sun that tints his native sands, he awakens in the mind of the beholder a sense of admiration and wonder; while a glance at his graceful head and neck is sufficient to confirm all that we have heard or read of the superior beauty of the Arabian horse. If *speed* be the consequence of symmetry of form and stoutness of limb, we predict for this powerful colt a glorious career on the turf.

We have been permitted to see the official pedigree of these horses, drawn up at Beyrout, and duly certified at the American consulate. Both are said to be of the race called Măanăke Hedroge, one of the most highly esteemed races of Arabian horses.

MY ANGEL'S VISIT.

IT seemed as if our prayers were wasted.

During the six years we had been married every thing else went well with us. The business, in which my husband was a partner, had prospered so much that two years since he sold his open connection with it for a round sum. The money so obtained, added to what he had previously saved—(he was elderly when I, not an heiress, married him)—formed a very sufficient competence for people of a middling station, who meant to live quietly, and yet have it in our power to be hospitable to friends, and, at the same time, live respected by the poor people near, who might look to us for help when no one else could give it. Since he left the business, too, a certain sleeping interest he retained in it became of increased value, so that, though retired from active work, the fruits of work still ripened on the old tree. Alas, that our tree of life was the one which hung fruitless. That our paradise could attract no little angel from heaven to sport in it.

We had bought Elmbury Hall, and were now resident there. It was not much of a hall indeed, but the park was full of fine old elms, and it had a good garden.

It was a silly notion of mine, which I could not help nursing, that the habit of looking on a vacant home would, in time, make George think it vacant. Oh how I wearied Heaven with promises, protesting that I would lead to virtue my son's earliest feet. As if I would talk over the Life-Giver with fine speeches.

At last love was pitiful.

Oh morn of joy; bright after clouds—came Mary, our dawn. She came with the flowers of May—when birds are blithest. But no wild wood-note rang sweeter than Mary's cry; no flower-bud revealed dearer charms than the infant blossom that unfolded on my breast. All inflated with the gladness—the world rose heavenward, as far as the straining cords that bound it apart would allow. What more could we wish? Our hearts' desire had been given to us. The little child-illnesses, that now and then cast shadows, were but passing clouds. The next breeze of health blew them aside, and the atmosphere was again clear.

We were playing in the garden with Mary on her birthday. She was then a year old. We had a small difference as to whether Mary's husband was to be a great merchant or a man of high rank. Being slightly annoyed because George persisted that the station of a rich merchant's wife was not so much amiss, I walked aside to air my heat, as I desired to show my husband how much he had offended me.

Just then a shower of feathers fell around us. Immediately a broken-winged pigeon, which a hawk or some other bird had struck, fluttered with loud screams to my feet, and nestled under my dress.

After washing it clean I laid it in the kitchen on some folded flannel. I remarked to George what a special providence it was that we had quarreled, because else we might not have noticed this poor creature which had, no doubt, been sent for us to nurse. George, too, thought the quarrel providential, as it saved me from saying a good deal of nonsense, in addition to what I did say, or perhaps it was our dinner providentially sent to us all but cooked.

I thought this cruel, and said so. George defended his proposal, and asked if it was not better to kill a half-dead pigeon than one in full life. When I could not answer for indignation he gave me Mary's wrapper to throw over the "other dove," and recommended feeding it with some of the child's food which the nurse was preparing. To my astonishment it ate well enough.

Next morning we found the poor bird dead. I was shedding some natural tears over it when George observed, as a consolation, that there was *another dove* on which I could expand ministrations. Perhaps good fortune would favor it also with some kind of broken wing that would keep my hand in. I saw that George was still cross, after yesterday's quarrel, so I said nothing.

I know not how it was, but dating from this incident, a vague uneasiness took possession of me. I, at first, fancied it symptomatic of some illness establishing itself in me; but as no disease broke out, I was fain to laugh myself, as best I could, out of my alarm. Insensibly the fear that was on me connected itself with the wonder I had felt when noticing how slow Mary was to repeat words. Always the lightest movement that caught her eye drew it away, and I persuaded myself she was still too young. Day by day, however, the first faint darkness deepened, till the winter tempest came, and the terrible conviction broke on me that Mary was deaf. I saw, too, that other people had divined the secret, though no one spoke of it.

My husband was not a musician, but was fond like nearly every body, of hearing good music. I felt an inexpressible pang, as he expatiated, according to his habit, on how he would have Mary's musical skill cultivated. It was some months after I made the discovery I have mentioned before the child's father knew the real state of matters; so that, many a time, with his words cutting me, have I listened smiling to his plans.

He spoke of this so continually that I dreaded more and more the hour when he must know the truth, and though I thought it right to tell him, I saw no chance of being able to do it otherwise than abruptly. It was not altogether in jest that he proposed a residence in Italy where the influences that foster music might affect Mary at her most impressible period of life; and where, as he averred, the capacity to train this kind of aptitude exists in its highest degree.

Mary was a year and a half old, with her father still unaware that for her music must ever be a frozen fountain. The children of the village school had come up to the hall to sing the Christmas hymn. They were well trained in most of their schooling, but unusually so in music, in which Miss Smithers, their teacher, was a proficient. She has since, under another name, obtained celebrity in the music world.

Before they commenced the hymn George made them a small oration. He had not so forgotten his town-councilor habits but that an opportunity like this, to air his rhetoric, came like a true Christmas friend.

George's oratory was decidedly of the fervid cast. He told the school-children that music was the great gift which we held in common with higher intelligences. In fact, deadness to music was a mark upon any one which meant "let not that man be trusted." A taste for music was the sure concomitant of virtue, there could be no doubt of it; and an ear against which sweet sounds beat in vain was a rock that rose from a wicked heart. Let them ever remember that.

The young musicians sang with a will, to show themselves virtuous, and obtain the extra cake and half-pence which form virtue's reward. As the impressive sounds of many well-drilled young voices swelled on our ears, I saw George, with moist eyes (he was partly affected by the singing, and partly by his own eloquence), turning to little Mary, who sat playing at his feet with some toys Miss Smithers had just given her. He lifted the child up, and tried to divert her toward the singing; but after looking vacantly at the group, she struggled to be set down again to her playthings. A sudden restlessness affected her father, and he continued watching her during the remainder of the hymn. When the children had gone away he again took up Mary on his knees, and without remarking to me that he meant any thing beyond play, he made sudden noises close to and sometimes back from Mary's ear, while her eyes were turned from him. She took not the slightest notice. But as soon as he turned her toward him and smiled, an answering smile at once responded. Having thus caught her eye, he opened his lips and imitated the movements made by a person speaking. The child mimicked the action. He then went through the same movements in an exaggerated fashion, but this time did really emit the sounds which such movements properly accompany. The child mimicked the exaggerated movements, but failed to give out voice. He then put the child down with infinite tenderness.

Later on in the evening I noticed that he was watching an opportunity of communicating his discovery. He was very anxious to know what nonsense he had been saying to the school-children, and regretted the bad habit he had acquired of speaking without thinking. He could very easily conceive of a pleasant family group sitting around a fire that burns warm and cheery in a locked-up house, whose broken bell-wires have ceased to tell that a stranger is at the gates. He could think also of a fleet of ships sailing in company and obeying one set of signals; but so too a vessel might voyage alone, and not the less safely reach her haven.

I saw he was endeavoring to break the news to me. Then I perceived how silly it was to make believe that I did not know what he was trying to tell me gently. I therefore said broadly out that I knew Mary had only four senses; and though at first it was a frightful anguish to me, and could not but be always painful, yet when I said to myself that her part in life's battle would be proportioned to her means of fighting it, I considered that the heavy sorrow was not without alleviation.

Our plans thenceforth were formed in concert. We determined at every cost to exhaust the possibility of cure, before we considered her deafness as any thing but an accident which admitted of removal; for we steadily would not regard it as one of her conditions of existence. For some years our life was little else than waiting upon doctors—for the promise is to those who persevere. Promises, indeed, we had, for they fell like snow-flakes every where; but melted with the same facility. Each new aurist gave us new hope, though each in succession regretted that we had not come to him sooner. In some cases we were cruelly victimized, and the health of our darling grievously impaired. In a few instances the truth was told us as plainly as perhaps they thought we could bear it—namely, that medical science could do nothing whatever for Mary. One flagrant case in London came before the police magistrate, and at least two others might have gone; but certain difficulties in establishing legal guilt in that kind of swindling staid our hands. To mere exposure the men were callous, if indeed they did not flourish upon it, notoriety standing them in the same stead as celebrity.

At last even hope of cure died in us. What finally dissipated our delusion was the non-success of a painful and dangerous experiment she underwent in Paris. Her ears had been bored and blistered in the course of our wanderings, and all sorts of regimen prescribed and abided by without effecting improvement. In our desperation we agreed to try this Parisian remedy, which we were assured had proved successful in every case in which it had been undergone. I was not present at the operation, and dared not ask how she bore it; but it consisted in removing with a trepan a piece of the skull bone that sound might reach the brain through the opening.

To induce Mary to let her ears be examined, her father had bought for her a costly but exquisitely-beautiful vase of Parian which she fancied in London. It represented an angel standing on a half-globe, and bearing, mouth upward, a cornucopia with flowers. She was fond of nursing it as a doll, though careful in handling it to keep it clean and uninjured. Accustomed to stipulate for some present before each manipulation, she now desired that the letters M A R Y, which she knew to be her name, might be carved on the vase, and filled in with black. By some culpable awkwardness—for awkwardness in doing delicate work is criminal—the figure was shattered in the carving, and though put together again with some skill, the fractures were not hidden. We kept it afterward under its glass-shade in Mary's room at home, Mary herself making no attempt to uncover it.

She recovered from this last cure with difficulty, but of course required protection against whatever would communicate even moderate concussion. She had now repose from the torture of being cured. As she recruited to such degree of strength as she was capable of reaching, we began to think of having her educated; but the dreadful results of the curative processes she had undergone begot partial disbelief, or rather, a disinclination to belief, in the benefits of schooling. On this account we suffered her to remain at home till she was twelve years old. She could write from memory some verses of the Bible which Dr. Oneway, the rector, had pointed out to me as important for her to remember. Want of understanding them, the doctor said, should not deter me; for our part was to sow the seed, leaving to other influences its development. I determined, however, that she should not repeat words like a parrot. Accordingly, I began to open her mind to religious truth by explaining to her, as the foundation on which belief must rest, the series of words which form the commencement of the sacred book.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

I explained the first word by pouring water into a bottle, and telling her that that was *in*. The second word, *the*, I judged to have no meaning worth explaining, and accordingly passed it by. The third word, *beginning*, puzzled me greatly. I thought of giving up the verse and trying an easier one; but I could not, after search, find one without difficulties. It then struck me that as I got the word *in* out of a bottleful of water, I would husband my resources and get the word *beginning* out of it as well. I repeated the act of pouring water into the bottle, in order that the beginning of the operation might be seen. I was a little dubious as to the accuracy of her conception of this third word, and slightly alarmed as to whether I might not have confused her previously clear idea of *in*. For I began to see that words in a sentence are like joined pieces of a water-pipe, the separate pieces are plain enough, but the meaning inside of them is all run together, and forms one idea. How, for instance, would the child pick apart the separate significance of *in* and *beginning?* However, I could not afford to dwell longer on this, for if every word were to be drained of its difficulties we should never get forward. Besides, future lessons would obviate what was left defective now.

I saw no trouble in the fourth word; for I had already given her an insight into her relationship toward a Creator. This I had done by spelling slowly the hallowed name, and pointing upward with extreme reverence, pointing also toward the church, which was visible from the windows up stairs. *Created* seemed to me harder of interpretation. After much thought I drew the figure of a blacksmith at work, and wrote down the word *making*. I then pointed to the word *created*, to signify that *making* and *creating* were similar acts. I had been told by a friend how an ingenious lady once explained *and* to a deaf child by tying a thread between a pen and an inkstand. The piece of thread was *and*. I therefore, on my system of extracting much meaning from few materials, tied together the bottle and water-jug which I had already used to explain *in* and *beginning*. For the word *earth* I touched the ground and swept my finger backward and forward on it.

After going over in this careful manner the sentence, whose important meaning I desired to elicit, I resolved to let it sink into her mind. For after all, it is not the quantity of instruction one gets that benefits, but that part of it which is well digested.

In the evening, when I considered the digestive process might be accomplished, I told her father what I had done. He commended my prudence in not cramming her. My difficulty as to how the child would know the difference between *in* and *beginning* he shared. He agreed in the propriety of omitting *the* from the explanation. He seemed to doubt whether I had really imparted an idea of the Supreme Being by pointing upward reverentially, inasmuch as I explained *heaven* in much the same way. Our perplexity was that we could not ascertain what real notion she formed as to meanings of words; for she always imitated with accuracy the acts and gestures either of us made use of in conveying an explanation.

The more I thought on it the less I was satisfied. Painful as it was to part with our darling, especially in her state of weakened health, brought about too by our misjudging care, our duty demanded the sacrifice, and we dared not refuse. What we terribly feared was, mischief befalling her in the course of some school-game. That unhappy opening in the skull-bone was always our most sensitive point.

When, however, we visited the school, and found her among companions like herself, saving that their wiser parents had better guarded them from cures; found her, so to speak, in a sheltered nook where the influences of many minds acting on hers could bring into play her intelligence and develop whatever germs of good were in her, we experienced a relief we had not hoped for, and thought instinctively of the wind tempered to shorn lambs.

When she came to us at the end of the second year, and repeated the few words she had been taught to articulate—*papa, mamma, I am happy*—it seemed as if so great a stream of happiness could not have flowed to us through any other channel. How truly she was our angel!

She had been at school wearing on to five years when a somewhat severe illness attacked her father. Mary, informed of it by letter, begged to be allowed to nurse him. Her father afterward said that he found her mere presence in the room, whether still or in movement, had a soothing effect upon him more than the prescribed opium could exert. Perhaps from being habituated to read thought on the countenance before it took expression in words, she was better than another able to minister relief to hidden suffering. Perhaps it was the microscope of her very strong affection that assisted her eyesight, and rendered visible symptoms that the sufferer himself would have suppressed. Alas! when, in the course of only a few weeks afterward, she herself required done for her similar offices to those she was now performing, much as we loved her and would with thankfulness have taken her great agony on ourselves, if thereby to ease her, this same microscope revealed little to our eyes that availed her in way of relief.

Originally not of a strong constitution, and cruelly shattered by the cures she had undergone, the most we had hoped for was, by excess of care, to wrap her from rough contact with life, and enable her sweetness of disposition to mature, as it were, within a conservatory, instead of exposed to open storms.

She seemed in an excellent state of health, as good, that is, as she ever enjoyed, when she went back to school after nursing her father through his illness. She had spoken of nursing us both when we were old and tottering, and herself an erect woman; so that those justified premonitions of early death, which are sometimes known to have occurred to the mind of a child, had not affected her.

As a proof that the tone of her mind was healthy, I give here her reply to the Rev. Bernard Oldtrack, Dr. Oneway's young curate, who was generously attempting to show her that, as faith entered by hearing, a padlock on this door caused the goods to be taken away again. She repeated the beautiful story of how divine love, walking in flesh and doing good, had bidden deaf ears be opened, and a bound tongue be unloosed. There were some additions in her version of the story that were not uninteresting, considering who she was that told it, and among whom it was current.

She conceived that we, her father and mother, had spent much money and taken her to many places, in the hope that some one would speak to her sealed ears the command—"Ephphatha;" but the proper way to speak this word was known to no man. At last, however, when all that had ever lived stood before Him—by whose blessed lips that word had been spoken—He would speak it again. They, whose tongues had through life remained unused and free from stains, like the swords in a cutler's shop that are carefully kept in sheaths, would now begin to flourish them in hymns; while the rest of the immense crowd, having abused the power of speech when on earth, would find their tongues thereby grown rusty, and would, with difficulty, draw them out like bloody swords glued in scabbards.

This was her illustration.

Her description of the process of cleansing the rusty tongues showed ingenuity, and ought, at least, to have satisfied those expounders of the compensation-laws of nature, who insist upon it that all our sum-totals of good and ill correspond, however widely the items in our accounts may vary. In this unexpected and bold manner Mr. Oldtrack, seeking wool, had the scissors applied to his own back.

After remaining five weeks at home, Mary had returned to school. We were not to see her again till after Christmas, as she and her schoolmates generally would be busy rehearsing the pantomime, which their custom was to enact at this holiday-time, for the delectation of themselves and such kind-hearted school-friends as would lend their assistance in capacity of applauding spectators. We were pleasing ourselves with the dream that, as fragile barks have reached land while strong-built vessels have gone down, perhaps the great Ship-owner above, working in His mysterious ways, would waft dear Mary over calm seas, and that she would thus sail onward after we put into port.

Our dreams were scattered by a letter from the matron. It announced that Mary's health was suddenly low, and added, that the doctor was urgent she should have the benefit of home. In the greatest alarm, and not without risk—for by this time the smouldering disease of her brain had burst into flame, and they feared she could not bear removal—we conveyed her to Elmbury with as much speed as was consistent with extreme care.

She never rallied. All night she lay in stupor, from which the alteration was to spasms of pain. She muttered various of the expressions she had been taught to articulate. "Going home," she said; "going home." In particular the word "Ephphatha," which had manifestly taken strong hold of her imagination. Early in the morning she sat up in bed, and made signs to some imaginary companions, for she took no notice of us. When I gave her the spoonfuls of wine-and-water ordered, she turned on me her dull heavy eye on which no change passed to indicate that she recognized me.

It had been a wild night, but with daylight the storm increased. Vehement gusts tore the old trees in the park, and beat with fury against the window of her sick-room where we were watching. But this rather afforded relief than otherwise, as our thoughts were thereby diverted from a too concentrated fixedness on the desolation that was being wrought inside of the house. Poor Mary sank lower and lower. After a terrific attack of convulsions that lasted some minutes, and made us hold our breath in awe, her strength seemed all but drained away. Unable to sit still I was aimlessly moving about, as if impelled by an instinct to find, in bodily activity, some alleviating resources, when it struck me that to handle her old plaything—the vase she had once been so fond of—would recall her mind. I had heard of inanimate things being recognized when familiar faces were forgotten. But in my agitation I threw it down. As I stooped to pick up the fragments a sudden roaring blast shook the house, and the crash of an elm-branch driven with force against the window, the thick sash-bars of which gave way like lucifer-matches, startled us to some purpose. We were busy forcing to the shutters, endeavoring to bar out the wind, till we could remove our beloved to another room, but the violence of the tempest was too great. It dashed aside the shutters that rang again as they slapped upon the wall, and sweeping like an eddy round the room, stripped the clothes from the sick bed with a vindictiveness of fury that seemed like hatred gratified. As we ran to cover her, another wild blast drove in, through the smashed window, a poor unhappy dove which it had caught straying, and flung it against the wall right above where the child lay, but happily with a spent impetus. Recovering itself the bird fluttered about to avoid being handled, and, by-and-by, reaching the open window—when a lull in the storm occurred—flew out again.

What little life had been in Mary was by this time quite shaken out. We did not see the breath go from her, and were only sensible that the clay-mask was separate from the spirit which had worn it when we remarked the growing coldness of the form we continued to watch.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

We publish on the twentieth page a picture of the Battle of New Orleans, which, as every schoolboy knows, was fought on January 8, 1815, just forty-six years ago. Our artist has been greatly assisted in making his drawing by an old print of the battle kindly furnished us by the Rev. Richard O. Curry, of Tennessee.

It was on 12th December, 1814, that the British fleet, carrying 12,000 well-disciplined troops, commanded by some of Wellington's most experienced generals, anchored off the entrance to Lake Borgne, Louisiana. Jackson was at New Orleans, which place was soon in a state of terror and confusion. The population of the place was only 20,000, one half of whom were whites, and many of the latter were not implicitly trusted. There were no arms in the city, and a supply of muskets made at Pittsburgh, and daily expected, had not arrived. A body of militia from Tennessee and Kentucky were also behind time. Jackson, however, made the best arrangements he could for defense; organized all the troops at his disposal, even calling upon free men of color to join in the conflict; and proclaimed martial law, in order to provide against treachery in the city. By December 22 the English army had advanced to the head of Lake Borgne, and thence to a point on the Mississippi about fifteen miles below New Orleans. There Jackson first attacked them, coming upon them with a force about one-fourth as large as theirs, on the night of 23d. The action was indecisive; the British are said to have lost more men than the Americans; but neither party lost ground. Next morning the British received reinforcements. But instead of renewing the attack, they sent down for more artillery. This delay was of essential service to Jackson. He raised a rampart with cotton bales, mounted some pieces of heavy artillery taken out of the schooners in the Mississippi, and sent for and received reinforcements from New Orleans.

A week or more was spent in these preparations, diversified by some cannonading from the batteries opposed to each other; at length, on the night of 7th–8th January, General Packenham sent Colonel Thornton across the river to attack General Morgan, who had thrown up works on the west bank, and was defending them with some 1500 men. Early on the morning of 8th Packenham himself advanced to the attack of Jackson's position, under cover of a battery erected in the night. It has always been understood in this country that the British watchword was "Booty and Beauty;" this is denied by the British historians of the war, and it is to be hoped that their denial is well founded. The British column advanced straight at the American lines, in the teeth of a hot fire from nine large guns, and in front of the Tennessee riflemen. In the course of a very few minutes the advancing column began to waver. Officers and men fell thickly. Packenham was killed, and the other two generals wounded, one of them mortally; and after a brief, desperate attempt to rally the troops, Lambert, who succeeded to the command, gave the order to retire. Colonel Thornton had taken Morgan's position on the west side of the river, but on witnessing the defeat of the main body he too withdrew. There were some officers in the British army who were for renewing the attack; but 2000 men had fallen, and General Lambert did not care to risk any more. He fell back to Lake Borgne, and re-embarked his army, unmolested, on January 27.

Thus New Orleans was saved. Jackson's total loss was only 71 men on both sides the river. Considering the difficulties he had to contend with, the smallness of his force, his scanty supply of arms and ammunition, and the well-won prestige of the troops against whom he fought, the victory deserves to be ranked among the most glorious in the annals of war. May Americans never cease to celebrate it; and may the Union, in whose history it is so bright a page, never know any battles save against a foreign enemy!

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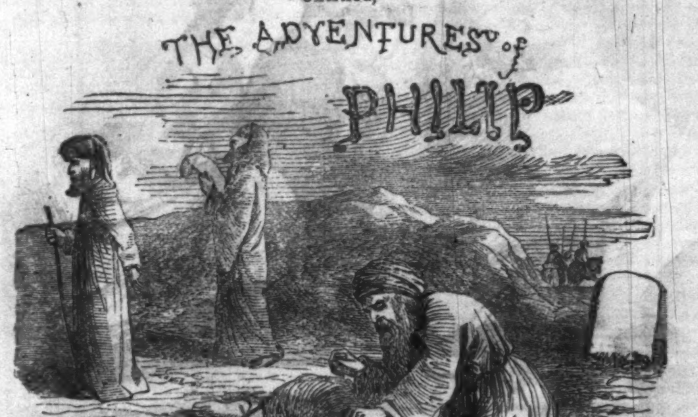

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